The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2547.

IF YOU CARED FOR ME.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I should never seek for Fame,
I should never strive for gold,
All of glory I should hold
But an empty, gilded name;
I should never try to be
What I struggle for to-day,
I would throw it all away
If you only cared for me.

If you held me in your heart
As the dearest one and best;
Were I queen within your breast,
(I should want no lesser part)
I should hold as vanity,
I should turn from and despise
What to-day I seek and prize,
If you only cared for me.

But well knowing that the thing
I most covet is denied,
I have turned away and tried
Other ways, and hoped to bring
Something in my heart to be
Balm and comfort to the spot,
Aching ever with the thought
That you do not care for me.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

It was an intensely dark night. What with the mist that hung around from below, and the unusual gloom above, Dr. Rane began to think he might have done well to bring a lantern with him, as a guide to his steps up Ham Lane, when he should turn into it. He would not be able to spare time to pick his way there. A gentleman—so news had been brought to him—was lying in sudden extremity, and his services as a medical man were being waited for.

Straight along on the road before him at only half a mile's distance lay the village of Dallory; so called after the Dallory family, who had been of importance in the neighborhood in the years gone by. This little off-shoot of it was styled Dallory Ham. The latter name gave rise to disputes amidst antiquarians. Some of them maintained that the word Ham was but a contraction of hamlet, and that the correct name of the place would be Dallory Hamlet; others asserted that the appellation arose from the circumstance that the public green, or common, was in the shape of a ham. As both sides brought logic and proof irresistible to bear on their respective opinions, contention never flagged. At no remote period the Ham had been a wild grassy waste, given over to stray donkeys, geese, and gypsies. They were done away with, now that houses encircled it: pretty villas of moderate dimensions, some cottages, and a few shops: the high road ran, as it always had done, straight through the middle of it. Dallory Ham had grown to think itself of importance, especially since the time when two doctors had established themselves in it; Dr. Rane and Mr. Alexander. Both of them lived in what might be called the neck of the Ham, which was nearest to Dallory proper.

Standing with your face towards Dallory (in the direction the doctor was now running) his house was on the right-hand side. He had but now turned out of it. Dallory Hall, to which place Dr. Rane had been summoned, stood a little beyond the entrance to the Ham, lying back on the right amidst its grounds, and completely hidden by trees. It was inhabited by Mr. North.

Oliver Rane had come forth in great haste and commotion. He could not understand the message—except the one broad fact that Edmund North, Mr. North's eldest son, was supposed to be dying. The servant, who brought it, did not seem to understand it either. He spoke of an anonymous letter that had been received by Mr. North, of disturbance and commotion thereupon, of a subsequent encounter (a sharp, brief quarrel) between Edmund North and Mr. Alexander the surgeon; and of a sort of fit in which Edmund North was now lying senseless.

Dr. Rane was a gentlemanly man of middle height and slender frame—his age about thirty. The face in its small regular features might have been held to possess a dash of effeminacy, but for the resolute character of the firm mouth and pointed chin. His eyes—rather too close together—whiskers and hair were of a reddish brown, the latter worn brushed aside from the forehead; his teeth were white and even. Altogether a good-looking man, but one of rather too silent manners, too inscrutable a countenance to be very pleasing.

"An anonymous letter!" Dr. Rane had repeated to himself with a kind of groan, as he flew from his house like one greatly startled, and pursued his course down the Ham. Glancing across at Mr. Alexander's house opposite, he felt a momentary temptation to go over and learn particulars—if haply the surgeon should be at home. The messenger had said that Mr. Alexander flung out of Dallory Hall in a passion, right in the midst of the quarrel: hence the summons for Dr. Rane. For Mr. Alexander, not Dr. Rane, was the Hall's medical attendant: this was the first time the latter had been called upon to act as such.

They had come to Dallory within a day of each other, these two doctors, in consequence of the sudden death of its old practitioner, each hoping to secure the practice for himself. It was Mr. Alexander who chiefly gained it. Both were clever men: and it might have been at least an even race between them, but for the fact that Mrs. North of Dallory Hall set her face resolutely against Dr. Rane. The reason was inexplicable; since he had been led to believe that he should have the countenance of Mr. and Mrs. North. She did her best in a covert way to prevent his obtaining practice, pushing his rival—whom she really despised and did not care a tittle for—into favor. Her object might not be to drive Oliver Rane from the spot, but it certainly seemed like it. So Mr. Alexander had obtained the lion's share of the practice in the best families; Dr. Rane but little: as to the poor, they were divided between them pretty equally. Both acted as general practitioners, and Mr. Alexexander dispensed his own medicines. The rivals were outwardly cordial with each other; but Dr. Rane, no doubt, felt an inward smart.

The temptation—to dash over to Mr. Alexander's—passed with the thought: there was no time for it. Dr. Rane pursued his course until he came to Ham Lane, into which he turned, for it was a near way to the Hall. A narrow lane, branching off to the right; green and lovely in early summer, with wild flowers nestling on its banks, dog-roses and honeysuckles clustering in its hedges. Here was the need of the lantern. But Dr. Rane sped on without regard to inadvertent sideward steps, that might land him in the ditch. Some excitement appeared to be upon him, far beyond any that might arise from the simple fact of being called out to a gentleman in a fit: yet he was by temperament entirely self-possessed; one of the calmest-mannered men living. A stile in the hedge on the left, which he found as if by instinct, took him at once into the ground of Dallory Hall; whence there came wafting to him the scent of hyacinths, daffodils, and other spring flowers, in delicious sweetness, spite of the density of the night air. Not that Dr. Rane took advantage of the benefit: nothing could seem delicious to him just then.

It was more open here, as compared with the lane, and not so intensely dark. Three minutes of the same heedless pace in and out amidst the winding walks, when he turned a point at right angles, and the old stone mansion was before him. A long, gray, sensible-looking house, of only two stories high, imparting the notion of spacious rooms within. Lights shone from some of the windows and through the large fan-light over the entrance door. One of the gardeners crossed Dr. Rane's path.

"Is that you, Williams? Do you know how young Mr. North is?"

"I've not been told, sir. There's something wrong with him, we hear."

"Is this blight?" called back the doctor, alluding to the curiously dark mist.

"Not it, sir. It's nothing but the vapor arising from the day's heat. It *have* been hot, for the first day o' May."

The door yielded to Dr. Rane's hand, and he went into the hall; it was of middling size, and paved with stone. On the left were the drawing-rooms; on the right the dining-room, and also a room that was called Mr. North's parlor; a handsome staircase of stone wound up at the back. All the doors were closed; and as Dr. Rane stood for a moment in hesitation, a young lady in gray silk came swiftly and silently down the stairs. Her figure was small and slight; her face fair, pale, gentle, with the meekest look in her dove-like gray eyes. Her smooth, fine hair, of an exceedingly light brown, was worn in curls all round the head, after the manner of girls in a bygone time. It made her look very young; but she *was*, in reality, thirty years of age; a month or two younger than Dr. Rane. Miss North was very simple in tastes and habits, and adhered to many customs of her girlhood. Moreover, since a fever of seven years ago, the hair had never grown very long or thick. She saw Dr. Rane, and came swiftly to him. Their hands met in silence.

"What is this trouble, Bessy?"

"Oh, I am so glad you are here!" she exclaimed, in the soft, subdued tone characteristic of dangerous sickness in a house. "He is lying as though he were dead. Papa is with him. Will you come?"

"One moment," he whispered. "Tell me, in a word, what it all is? The cause, I mean, not the illness."

"It was caused by an anonymous letter to papa, Oliver. Edmund—"

"But how could any anonymous letter to your papa have caused illness to Edmund?" he interrupted. And the tone of his voice was so sharp, and the dropping of her hand, clasped until then, so sudden, that Miss North, in her self-deprecation, thought he was angry with her, and glanced upwards through her tears.

"I beg your pardon, Bessy. My dear, I feel so grieved and confounded at this, that I am scarcely myself. It is to me utterly incomprehensible. What were the contents of

"OLIVER, IS THERE ANY HOPE?"

the letter?" he continued, as they hastened up-stairs to the sick chamber. And Bessy North told him as much as she knew.

The facts of the case were these. By the six o'clock post that same evening, Mr. North received an anonymous letter, reflecting on his son Edmund. His first wife, dead now just eight-and-twenty years, had left him three children, Edmund, Richard, and Bessy. When the letter arrived, the family had sat down to dinner, and Mr. North did not open it until afterwards. He showed it to his son, Edmund, as soon as they were left alone. The charges it contained were true, and Edmund North jumped to the conclusion that only one man in the whole world could have written it, and that was Alexander, the surgeon. He went into a frightful passion; he was given to do so on occasion; and he had besides taken rather more wine at dinner than was good for him—which also he was somewhat addicted to. As ill fate had it, Mr. Alexander called just at the moment, and Mr. North, a timid man in nervous health, grew frightened at the commencing torrent of angry words, and left them together in the dining-room. There was a short, sharp storm. Mr. Alexander came out almost immediately, saying, "You are mad; you are mad. I will talk to you when you are calmer." "I would rather be mad than bad," shouted Edmund North, coming after him. But the surgeon had already let himself out at the hall-door; and Edmund North went back to the dining-room, and shut himself in. Two of the servants, attracted by the sounds of dispute, had been lingering in the hall, and they saw and heard this. In a few minutes, Mr. North went in, and found his son lying on the ground, senseless. He was carried to his chamber, and medical men were sent for: Dr. Rane (as being the nearest), and two physicians from the more distant market-town, Whitborough.

Edmund North was not dead. Dr. Rane, bending over him, saw that. He had not been well of late, and was under the care of Mr. Alexander. Only a week ago (as was to transpire later) he had gone to consult a physician in Whitborough, one of those now summoned to him. This gentleman suspected he had heart-disease, and warned him against excitement. But the family knew nothing as yet of this; neither did Oliver Rane. Another circumstance Edmund North had not disclosed. When sojourning in London the previous winter, he had been attacked by a sort of fit. It had looked like apoplexy, more than heart; and the doctors gave him sundry injunctions to be careful. This also, Dr. Rane thought, knowing nothing of the former, looked like apoplexy. He was a very handsome man, but a great deal too stout.

"Is he dead, Oliver?" asked the grieving father; who when alone with the doctor, and unshackled by the presence of his wife, often called him by his Christian name.

"No; he is not dead."

And indeed a spasm just at that same moment passed over the prostrate face. All the means that Oliver Rane could do, or think of, he tried with his best heart and efforts—hoping to recall the fast-fleeting life.

But when the two doctors arrived from Whitborough, Oliver found he was not wanted. They were professionals of long-standing, men of note in their local arena; and showed themselves blandly cool, condescendingly patronizing, to the young practitioner. Dr. Rane had rather a strong objection to be patronized; he withdrew, and went to Mr. North's parlor. It was a square, dingy room; the shaded lamp on the table not sufficing to light it up. Red moreen curtains were drawn before the large French window, that opened to the side flower garden.

Mr. North was standing before the fire. He was a little shrivelled man with stooping shoulders, his scanty hair smoothed across a low, broad forehead, his lips thin and querulous; his eyes, worn and weary now, had once been mild and loving as his daughter Bessy's. Time, and care, and (as some people said) his second wife, had changed him, Oliver Rane thought he had never seen him look so shrunken, nervous, and timid as to-night.

"What a grievous pity it was that you should have mentioned the letter to him, Mr. North!" began the doctor, speaking at once what lay uppermost in his thoughts.

"Mentioned it to him!—why, it concerned him," was the surprised answer. "But I never cast a thought to its having this kind of effect upon him."

"What was in the letter, sir?" was the doctor's next question, put with considerable gloom.

"You can read it, Oliver."

Opening the document, he handed it to Dr. Rane. It looked like any ordinary letter. The doctor took it to the lamp.

"MR. NORTH,—Pardon a friend who ventures to give you a caution. Your eldest son is in some kind of embarrassment, and is drawing bills in conjunction with Alexander, the surgeon. Perhaps a word from you would arrest this; it is too frequently the first step of a man's downward career—and the writer would not like to see Edmund North enter on such."

Thus, abruptly and signatureless, ended the fatal letter. Dr. Rane slowly folded it, and left it on the table.

"Who could have written it?" he murmured.

"Ah, there it is! Edmund said no one could have done it but Alexander.

Standing over the fire, to which he had turned, Dr. Rane warmed his hands. The intensely hot day had given place to a cold night. His red-brown eyes took a dreamy gaze, as he revolved facts and suppositions. In his private opinion, judging only from the contents of the letter, Mr. Alexander was about the last man who could have been likely to write it.

"It is not like Alexander's writing," observed Mr. North.

"Not in the least."

"But of course this is in a thoroughly disguised hand."

"Most anonymous letters are so, I expect. Is it true that he and your son have been drawing bills together?"

"I gather that they have drawn one; perhaps two. Edmund's passion was so fierce that I could not question him. What I don't like is, Alexander's going off in the manner he did, without seeing me; it makes me think that perhaps he did write the letter. An innocent man would have remained to defend himself. It might have been written from a good motive, after all, Oliver! My poor son!—if he had but taken it peaceably!"

Mr. North wrung his hands. His tones were feeble, meekly complaining; his manner and bearing were altogether those of a man who has been perpetually put down and no longer cares to struggle against the cares and crosses of the world, or the will of those about him.

"I must be going," said Oliver Rane, arousing himself from a reverie. "I have to see a poor man at Dallory."

"Is it Ketler?"

"Yes, sir. Good-night. I trust you will have cause to be in better spirits in the morning."

"Good night, Oliver."

But the doctor could not get off at once. He was waylaid by a servant, who said Madam wished to see him. Crossing the hall, the man threw open the doors of the drawing-room, a magnificent apartment. Gilding, and gleaming mirrors; light blue satin curtains and furniture; a carpet softer and thicker than moss; all kinds of bright and resplendent things were there.

"Dr. Rane, madam,"

Mrs. North sat on a couch by the fire. In the house she was called Madam. A severely handsome woman, with a cold, pale, imperious face, the glittering jewels in her black hair looking as hard as she did. A *cruel* face, as some might have deemed it. When Mr. North married her, she was the widow of Major Bohun, and had one son. Underneath the chandelier, reading by its light, sat her daughter, a young lady whose face bore a strong resemblance to hers. This daughter and a son had been born since her second marriage.

"You wished to see me, Mrs. North."

Dr. Rane so spoke because they took no manner of notice of him. Mrs. North turned then, with her dark, inscrutable eyes: eyes that Oliver Rane hated, as he hated the cruelty glittering in their depths. He believed her to be a woman unscrupulously selfish. She did not rise; merely motioned him to a seat opposite with a haughty wave of her white arm: and the bracelets shone on it, and her ruby-velvet dress was of amazing richness. He sat down with entire self-possession, every whit as independent as herself.

"You have seen this infamous letter, I presume, Dr. Rane?"

"I have."

"Who sent it?"

"I cannot tell you, Mrs. North."

"Have you no idea at all."

"Certainly not. How should I have?"

"Could you detect no resemblance in the writing to any one's you know?"

He shook his head.

"Not to—for instance—Alexander's?" she resumed; making the pauses as put, and looking at him steadfastly. But Dr. Rane saw with a sure instinct that Alexander's was not the name she had meant to speak.

"I feel sure that Mr. Alexander no more wrote the letter than—than you did, Mrs. North."

"Does it bear any resemblance to Richard North's?" she continued, after a faint pause.

"To Richard North's!" echoed the doctor; the words taking him by surprise. "No."

"Are you familiar with Richard North's handwriting?"

Oliver Rane paused to think, and then replied with a passing laugh, "I really believe I do not know his handwriting, Mrs. North."

"Then why did you speak so confidently?"

"I spoke in the impulse of the moment. Richard North, of all men, is the least likely to do such a thing as this."

The young lady, Matilda North, turned round from her book. An opera-cloak of scarlet gauze was on her shoulders, as if she were cold; she pulled it closer with an impatient hand.

"Mamma, why do you harp upon Richard? He *couldn't* do it; papa told you so. If Dick saw cause to find fault with anybody, or tell tales, he would do it openly."

One angry gleam from Madam's eyes as her daughter settled to her book again; and then she proceeded to close the interview.

"As you profess yourself unable to give me information or detect any clue, I will not detain you longer, Dr. Rane."

He stood for a second; expecting, perhaps, she might offer her hand. She did nothing of the sort, only bowed coldly. Matilda North took no notice of him whatever: she was content to follow her mother's teachings when they did not clash with her own inclinations. Dr. Rane had ceased to marvel why he was held in disfavor by Mrs. North, for to try to guess at it seemed a hopeless task. Neither could he imagine why she opposed his marriage with Bessy, for to Bessy and her interests she was utterly indifferent.

As he left the drawing-room, Bessy North

joined him, and they went together to the hall-door. No servant had been rung for—It was one of Mrs. North's ways of showing contempt—and they stood together outside, speaking softly. Again the tears shone in Bessy's eyes: her heart was a very tender one, and she had loved her brother dearly.

"Oliver, is there any hope?"

"Do not distress yourself, Bessy. I cannot tell you, one way or the other."

"How am I to help distressing myself," she rejoined; her hand resting quietly in both of his. "It is all very well for you to be calm; a medical man meets these sad things every day. You cannot be expected to care."

"Can I not?" he answered; and there was a touch of passionate emotion in the usually calm tone. "If any effort or sacrifice of mine would bring back his health and life, I'd make it freely. Good-night, Bessy."

As he stooped to kiss her, some quick, firm footsteps were heard approaching, and Bessy went indoors. He who came up was a rather tall and very active man, with a plain, but nevertheless, an attractive face. Plain in its irregular features; attactive from its open candor and strong good sense, from the earnest, truthful look in the deep-set hazel eyes. People were given to say that Richard North was the best man of business for miles round. It was so: and he was certainly in mind, manners, and person, a gentleman.

"Is it you, Rane? What is all this trouble? I have been away for a few hours unfortunately. Mark Dawson met me just now with the news that my brother was dying."

The voice would have been pleasing to a degree, if only from its tone of ready decision: but it was also musical as voices seldom are, clear and full of sincerity. From the voice alone, Richard North might have been trusted to his life's end. Dr. Rane gave a short summary of the illness and the state he was lying in.

"Dawson spoke of a letter that had excited him," said Richard.

"True; a letter to Mr. North."

"A dastardly, anonymous letter; just so."

"An anonymous letter," repeated the doctor. "But the effect on your brother seems altogether disproportioned to the cause."

"Where is the letter? I cannot look upon Edmund until I have seen the letter."

Dr. Rane told him where the letter was, and went out. Richard North passed on to the parlor. Mr. North, sitting by the fire, had his face bent down in his two hands.

"Father, what is all this?"

"Oh, Dick, I am glad you are come!" and in the tone there sounded an intense relief, as if he who came, brought back strength and hope. I can't make top or tail of this; and I think he is dying."

"Who is with him?—Arthur?"

"No; Arthur has been out all day. The doctors are with him still."

"Let me see the letter."

Mr. North gave it him, reciting at the same time the chief incidents of the calamity in a rambling sort of manner. Richard North read the letter twice; once hastily, to gather in the sense; then attentively, giving to every word full consideration. His father watched him.

"It was not so much the letter itself that excited him, Richard, as the notion that Alexander wrote it."

"Alexander did not write this," decisively spoke Richard.

"You think not?"

"Why of course he did not. It tells against himself, as much as against Edmund.

"Edmund said no one knew of the matter but Alexander, and therefore no one else could have written it. Besides, Dick, where is Alexander? Why is he staying away?"

"We shall hear soon, I dare say. I have faith in Alexander. Keep this letter jealously, father. It may have been right to give you the information it contains: I say nothing at present about that: but an anonymous writer is generally a scoundrel, deserving no quarter."

"And none shall he get from me," spoke Mr. North, emphatically. "It was posted at Whitsborough, you see, Dick."

"I see," shortly answered Richard. He threw his coat back as if he were too hot; and moved to the door as he was to see his brother.

Meanwhile, Oliver Rane went down the avenue to the front entrance gates, and took the road to Dallory. He had to see a patient there; a poor man who was lying in danger. *He* threw his coat back, in spite of the chill fog, and wiped his brow, and seemed altogether in a fume, as if the weather or his reflections were too hot for him.

"What a fool! what a fool!" murmured he, half aloud; apostrophising, doubtless, the writer of the anonymous letter. Or, it might be, the unfortunate young man who had allowed it to excite within him so fatal an amount of passion.

The road was smooth and broad; a fine highway, well kept. For a short distance there were no houses; but they soon began. Dallory was a bustling village, poor and rich living in it. The North Works, as they were familiarly called, from the fact of Mr. North's being their chief proprietor, lay a little further on, and Dallory church beyond still. It was a straggling parrish, make the best of it.

Amidst the first good houses that Dr. Rane came to was one superior to the rest. A large, square, handsome dwelling, with a pillared portico nearly abutting on the village pathway, and a fine garden behind.

"I wonder how Mother Gass is to-night?" thought the doctor, arresting his steps. "I may as well ask."

His knock at the door was answered by the lady herself, whom he had styled so unceremoniously "Mother Gass." A stout comfortable-looking dame, richly dressed, with a face as red as it was good-natured, and a curiously-fine lace cap, standing on end with yellow ribbon. Mrs. Gass had neither birth nor breeding: she had made an advantageous match, as you will hear further on; she possessed many good qualities, and was popularly supposed to be rich enough to buy up the whole of Dallory Ham. Her late husband had been the uncle of Oliver Rane; but neither she nor Oliver presumed upon the relationship; in fact they had never met until two years ago.

"I knew your knock, Dr. Rane, and came to the door myself. Step into the parlor, I want to speak to you."

The doctor did not want to go in by any means, and felt caught. He said he had no time to stay; had merely called in passing to ask how she was.

"Well, I'm better this evening; the swimming in the head's less. You just come in, now. I say yes. I won't keep you two minutes. Shut the door, girl, after Dr. Rane."

This was to a smart housemaid, who had followed her mistress down the wide and handsome passage. Dr. Rane perforce stepped in; very unwillingly. He felt instinctively convinced the woman had heard of the calamity at the Hall and wished to question him. To avoid this he would have gone a mile any other way.

"I want to get at the truth about Edmund North, doctor. One of the maids from the Hall called in just now and said he had been frightened into a fit through some letter; and that you were fetched in to him."

"Well, that is the truth," said the doctor, accepting the situation.

"My patience!" ejaculated Mrs. Gass. "What was writ in the letter? She said it was one of them 'nonymous things."

"So it was."

"Was it writ to himself?"

"No. To Mr. North."

"Well, now,"—dropping her voice—"was it about that young woman he got acquainted with? You know."

"No, no; nothing of that kind." And Dr. Rane, as the shortest way of ending the matter, gave her the details.

"There was not much in the letter," he said, in a confidential tone. "No harm would have come of it but for Edmund North's frightful access of passion. If he dies, mind,"—the doctor added this in a dreamy tone, gazing out afar as if looking into the future—"if he dies, it will not be the letter that has killed him, but his own want of self-control."

"Don't you talk of dying, doctor. It's to be hoped it won't come to that."

"It is, indeed."

"And Mr. Richard was not at home, the girl said!"

"Neither he nor Captain Bohun. Richard has just got in now."

Mrs. Gass would fain have kept him longer; he told her the sick man, Ketler, was waiting for him. This man was one of the North workmen, who had been terribly injured in the arm; Dr. Rane hoped to save both the arm and the life.

"That receipt for the rhubarb jam Mrs. Cumberland promised: is it ever coming?" asked Mrs. Gass as Dr. Rane was quitting the room.

Turning back, he put his hat on the table and took out his pocket-book. Mrs. Cumberland had sent it at last. He selected the paper from amongst several others, and handed it to her.

"I forgot to leave it when I was here this morning, Mrs. Gass. My mother gave it to me yesterday."

Between them they dropped the receipt. Both stooped for it, and their heads came together. There was a slight laugh; in the midst of which the pocket-book fell on the carpet. Some papers fluttered out of it, which the doctor picked up and replaced.

"Have you got 'em all, doctor? How is the young lady's cold?"

"What young lady's?" he questioned.

"Miss Adair's."

"I did not know she had one."

"Ah, them lovely girls with their bright faces never show their ailments; and she is lovely, if ever there was one lovely in this terrestrial world. Good-night to you, doctor; you're in a mortal hurry."

He strode to the street-door and shut it after him with a bang. Mrs. Gass looked out of her parlor and saw the same smart maid hastening along the passage; a little too late.

"Drat it, wench! Is that the way you let gentlefolks show theirselves out—scuttering to the door when they've got clean away from it. D'ye call that manners?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mrs. McFarland-Richardson's Statement.

This lady has published a narrative of her life—sworn to by her as true. She says that McFarland, who was much older than herself, (she being only 19,) deceived her at marriage as to his condition and prospects, and led her for many years a wandering and unhappy life. She had to go back to her parents a few months after her marriage. She says he was grossly intemperate, given to furious bursts of passion, struck her, and threatened to kill her and himself; that he did not provide for his family; that with two infant children, she was obliged to support them by her own literary and dramatic work, and at the same time do the work for the family; that his treatment finally became so cruel and intolerable (he sometimes spending her earnings in dissipation,) that she was forced to leave him.

She says that Richardson never spoke of love to her until after her separation from McFarland, when she considered herself morally divorced. She admits that in this, she and Richardson were both wrong—as Richardson himself also admitted—and as all their friends told them.

[NOTE. This, as it seems to us, was Richardson's great mistake. We may add, that another mistake, (to call the matter by too mild a name,) was in procuring a divorce without giving McFarland due notice. If her statement is true, she would have had no difficulty in getting a divorce in an open manner. And after such a divorce, she would have been at perfect liberty to marry Richardson, or anybody else.—*Editor of Sat. Evt. Post.*]

☞ The first Chinese convert to Methodism in San Francisco is Chick Sien Hong.

☞ Strawberries are selling at ten cents per pound in the San Francisco market.

☞ One of Prince Pierre Bonaparte's witnesses was a butcher named Le Chantre. His evidence was quite at variance with his previous depositions. The president demanded, "How do you explain these divergences?" "M. le President," returned the respectable Le Chantre, "I am here to swear, and not to give explanations to these gentlemen!"

☞ At the Louisiana State Fair a girl twelve years old took premiums for the best pound, sponge and fruit cake.

☞ A Scandinavian preacher in Illinois occupies three hours in the delivery of a sermon. Recently his congregation passed a resolution that he should close his sermons at 1 o'clock, but at his urgent solicitation it was extended to two.

☞ A street crowd in London was recently "greatly amused" when the carriages of a wedding-party were blocked in a narrow street by two loads of cradles and baby-wagons.

☞ Beecher says a "Congregationalist is a dry Baptist, and a Baptist a very wet Congregationalist."

☞ A man in Rhode Island has been sent to jail for ten days for sleeping in church. Nothing was done to the clergyman who put him to sleep.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commence in the present paper Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The vote of the people of France on the *Plebiscitum*, from all parts of the Empire, with the exception of Algeria, was—

Yes,	7,210,296
No,	1,530,610
	5,679, 686

In Algeria, the folowing was the result:—

	Yes.	No.
Civilians,	10,791	13,481
Army,	36,165	6,029

The returns from the Army were—

Yes,	237,336
No,	29,364
	197,972

The vote cast by the Navy, was proportionately somewhat larger in the affirmative than that of the Army.

The following was the vote of the large cities:—

	Yes.	No.
Paris,	111,363	156,396
Nantes,	32,016	12,883
Marseilles,	18,412	34,829
Lille,	65,367	13,803
Bordeaux,	10,127	18,469
Toulouse,	9,112	12,534

The vote on the question of the Empire in 1852—eighteen years ago—was

Yes,	7,828,189
No,	253,155
	7,575,034

The vote in the election for members of the *Corps Legislatif* last year, was:—

Imperialists,	4,953,056
Opposition,	3,248,885
	804,171

The late vote—which it will be noticed was a large one—undoubtedly signifies that the great majority of the people of France still desire to maintain the Imperial government—and, if Louis Napoleon should die, are ready to acquiesce in the sovereignty of his son.

That the vote was as fairly taken as such votes usually are, is evident. When we Americans vote for the adoption of a Constitution, we generally have to take it or reject it as a whole, though we may like some parts and dislike others. So in voting for the candidates of any party, we generally have to strike a kind of balance between the good and the bad men and measures of said party.

As to the interference of the Imperial government in the election by means of its official influence, that is nothing but what we see in this country at every election.

We doubt whether there are many nations in the world, where an equally fair vote would show a larger proportion of the people in favor of the existing government. Suppose such a vote should be taken in this country. Is it certain that the vote would be four to one, or even three to one, in favor of the present Federal Constitution? And yet we hold as a self-evident truth, that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed"—not a mere majority of the governed—but "the governed." There is food for thought in this.

It is rather difficult to ascertain in what the democracy of those French Democrats consists, who have been attempting to raise barricades in certain sections of Paris every night since the election. With a majority of nearly five to one against them, they appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and yet call themselves the Democrats of France. It seems to us that if forced to choose practically between such unreasonable gentlemen and Louis Napoleon, any of us almost would say give us the latter.

Who it is that manages the government of a country, can seldom be of such importance to the great majority of mankind, as *how* the government is managed. The former question, in these latter days, has been made of entirely too much consequence. For instance, to an honest, industrious Frenchman, what matters it whether Louis Napoleon manages the national affairs, or a set of noisy and selfish politicians? The real question for him to decide is, which will manage the affairs of the country, domestic and foreign, in the best and least oppressive manner? Who will reduce his taxes, meddle little with his business, encourage all proper enterprises, keep the streets clean and the roads in good order, preserve the peace at home and abroad, and interfere least with the exercise of his natural liberty to speak and act and live as he thinks best. These are the great benefits of good government that are to be secured, and if Louis Napoleon will secure them best, then welcome Louis Napoleon.

Such no doubt is the reasoning of the average Frenchman—and so he marches up to the polls, and puts in his "yes" for the Imperial government.

THE SUFFRAGE.

A correspondent of the Springfield "Republican," in advocating the abolition of the reading and writing qualification for voters in Massachusetts, says:—

"Even if such limited literary acquirements furnished any test of fitness for the suffrage, we have no right to exact such a test. *We have no right to insist that men shall exercise the suffrage wisely.*"

The error of the above correspondent, and of thousands of other writers, lies simply here. Men have a natural right to govern themselves—but they have no such natural right to govern other men. If the voter merely determined by his vote how he himself should act, it would be his own business—and we should have no more right to examine into the wisdom of his voting, than into the wisdom of his mode of conducting his private affairs. But the majority not only thus govern themselves, which they have a natural right to do, but they govern the minority, which they have no merely natural right to do. For the natural right of the minority to govern themselves, is just as good as the natural right of the majority to govern themselves.

Therefore the only right the majority can have to govern the minority—and thus make the minority do exactly what they do not wish to do—must either be derived from some agreement or compact, generally called a Constitution, or must be based upon the old idea of a *divine* right to govern.

This explains why all men, and all women, and all children, have not a natural right to vote—and how it is a matter of compact and agreement—the idea being to arrange the voting class so that it shall be competent to be what a majority of it inevitably must be, in the very nature of things, a governing class.

This also explains why a two-thirds or three-fourths vote may be justly insisted upon to legitimate an alteration of the original compact or Constitution. In fact, if the maxim that "men have a right to govern themselves" were *strictly* true, the assent of *every* man would have to be given to a Constitution, before it could fairly be operative, so far as he was concerned.

THE CANADIAN INDIANS.

We see it stated that in all the Red River difficulty, the Indians not only have been the warm adherents of the Canadian Dominion, but have been restrained with some difficulty from trying to settle the whole matter themselves. And yet, if we had a kindred difficulty—say with the Mormons, for example—nearly all the tribes on our borders would be in arms against us in thirty days.

How is it—that Frenchmen, and Englishmen, and Canadians, can get along thus peacefully and amicably with the Indians, and our government and people cannot? The Indians the Canadians have to deal with are just as savage and warlike as any others. General Harney, and Kit Carson, and fifty others, who ought to know, tell us that the true reason is, that the agents of the United States make promises, and do not keep them. Properly managed, we might have had these people as our friends, and saved the cost of many bloody wars, and secured perpetual peace to the hardy settlers of our frontiers. It is not too late even yet, to act alike honestly and wisely. To purchase fairly will be found *even cheaper*, in the long run, than to steal and murder.

An observer in Washington, speaking about the U. S. Senators, says: Most of them sit with their hands in their pockets, walk with their hands in their pockets, and talk with their hands in their pockets.

Glad to hear this—some have said their hands were always in other people's pockets.

THE CASE OF REV. MR. SMYTH.

The Rev. C. B. Smyth, of New York city, has been on trial before his Presbytery on charges that may be gathered from the following report of the investigating committee. They say:—

First—That the accused, having invited two gentlemen (reporters for the press) to take lunch with him on Sabbath, April 10, conducted them for this end to a restaurant, in which is kept a bar for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Second—That in the course of the repast the accused called for and drank or sipped a quantity of gin and milk, one of his guests, in like manner, obtaining and drinking a glass of ale, the other calling for and disposing of a pitcher of gin and milk. This, too, occurred at a time when to sell intoxicating drinks on the Sabbath was a violation of the law of the state.

Third—That the bill incurred in the entire entertainment was paid by the accused, although not on the Sabbath.

Fourth—That although the company was seated in a private room, no blessing was asked, at least audibly or apparently on the repast.

Fifth—That the accused, in accordance with a promise made to one of his guests, a reporter for the Sun newspaper, sent his son on the afternoon of the Sabbath in question to assist him in deciphering or writing out the notes or manuscript of the sermon preached by the accused on said day.

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

First—That the accused did not ask either of his guests to take any intoxicating drink. If they called for any beverage of that nature they did so, not by virtue of any specific invitation by him, but on the presumption that his general question, "What will you have?" warranted them in doing so.

Second—The accused appears to have been laboring at the time alluded to under a considerable degree of physical exhaustion.

Third—The quantity of gin used by him on the occasion seems not to have been large.

Fourth—There has been no evidence presented to justify the belief that the accused exhibited on the occasion in question any symptoms of intoxication.

It was adjudged that Mr. Smyth should be rebuked—which was accordingly done by the Rev. Dr. Harper—the accused "rising and remaining standing," while the Rev. Dr. Harper "was deeply moved."

In Mr. Smyth's defence it was stated that he was exhausted by his ministerial labors, and felt the necessity of a stimulant; and that "gin is more readily carried out of the system than other intoxicating drinks, and its injurious qualities are in great measure removed by the admixture of milk, and for these reasons, doubtless, Mr. Smyth had selected this compound." Still, it was admitted, his example was bad, because if he absolutely required liquor as a medicine he should have gone to a drug store or waited until he reached home, so as to avoid giving scandal.

His congregation, we see it stated, have since voted not to retain Mr. Smyth as their minister.

ENGLISH FORTUNES.

The following is said to be the law of England as to legacies:—

"Most of the persons who are duped are ignorant on two points, which, in nearly every instance, would satisfy them at once of the utter folly of the hopes they indulge. The first is that an alien cannot be an heir in England when there is no will, and that he cannot take real estate, even if left to him by will. The second is, that in England estates devolve upon the eldest son alone, and on his eldest son in succession, and are not divided into shares among all the children. Yet nothing is more common than for persons to assert heirship to the supposed shares of younger brothers and sisters, or to claim, as natives of the United States, heirship to Englishmen who have left no wills."

If the above be correct—and we have reason to believe that it is—no person who is a native of this country can inherit landed property in England, even if a will exists in his favor. How many fine "castles in Spain" this simple little piece of legal information knocks to pieces. For about half the people of this country have large fortunes belonging to them in England, "if they could only get their rights."

YEARLY MEETING WEEK.—The Hicksite "Friends" have found that they can fully equal the Orthodox "Friends" in their management of the weather. The latter led off their week with a furious rain-storm that could not well be beaten; and so the Hicksite "Friends" gave us a hail-storm, which rather exceeded anything of the kind ever seen in this locality—smashing up our window glass, it is computed, to the extent of $250,000.

At the rate the "Friends" are going on, these yearly meetings seem to be getting rather expensive affairs.

We understand that one of our scientific citizens is engaged in calculating on which of the yearly meeting weeks the most rain fell—thinking that, in this manner, he will be able to approximate to a correct conclusion as to which is the true and genuine society of "Friends." This mode of determining the question would probably never have occurred to any other than a deeply scientific mind. We advise him to lump the matter, and call it even.

☞ The profile of Washington on the new three-cent postage stamps, is about the only portrait of Washington we ever saw that did not look the least like him. In fact, it is a miserable botch.

Why these stamps are changed so frequently is a question often asked by sensible men. We suppose the object is to make fresh work for political favorites, and use up the surplus in the treasury.

THE OSTRICH.

An Australian correspondent of *The London Times* corrects certain mistakes as to the ostrich. The ostrich does not (at least in Australia) lay her eggs in the sand, leaving them to be hatched by the heat of the sun, but the male and female sit on the nest by turns, both being seldom absent at the same time. The nest itself is "in a sandy hollow, without grass or rubbish, and the eggs are entirely without cover."

We may add that the rabbit and sparrow (introduced from England) have multiplied till they have become perfect pests in Australia.

☞ We would suggest that the name of the "Censors" in Vermont, who have called a State Convention to consider the expediency of Female Suffrage, be changed to Nonsensem.

"YE SCHEME TO BAGGE PENNE."—We call the attention of our readers to this old letter of Cotton Mather's in another column. It would appear to be a genuine document.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TALKS TO MY PATIENTS. Hints on Getting Well and Keeping Well. By Mrs. E. B. GLEASON, M. D. Published by Wood & Holbrook, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

This is a book designed especially for women. The author says, in her modest preface, that it "is not intended to do away with doctors, but to aid the young wife when there is no experienced mother or intelligent nurse at hand, to advise in emergencies, or to guide in those matters of delicacy with which woman's life is so replete."

As to Mrs. Gleason's ability to give sound, practical medical and motherly advice, we have not a particle of doubt. We do not take naturally to lady physicians, but we are well acquainted with Mrs. Gleason, both personally and through her writings, and we have a high and sincere admiration for her, as a noble, sweet-tempered, modest and genuine woman. She has had a large experience, and is withal a lady of great good sense and fine intellectual capacity. The only doubtful portion of the present volume, we consider the water-treatment recommendations—the use of water, in our opinion, requiring more skill and experience than the majority of young women are apt to have.

THE AMERICAN TUNE BOOK. A complete collection of the tunes which are widely popular in America, with the most popular Anthems and Set pieces. Preceded by a course of instruction for singing schools. By Dr. LOWELL MASON. The tunes and anthems selected from all sources by five hundred teachers and choir leaders. Published by Oliver Diston & Co., Boston; and by Charles H. Diston & Co., New York. Also for sale by Lee & Walker, Philada.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GALILEO. Compiled principally from his correspondence and that of his eldest daughter, Sister Maria Celeste, Nun in the Franciscan Convent of St. Matthew, in Arcetri. Published by Nichols & Noyes, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

This is a very fascinating book. We are here introduced into the inner life of the great astronomer, and become acquainted with his eldest daughter, the nun Maria Celeste, whose simple and beautiful letters to her father are here given.

THE VALE OF CEDARS; OR, THE MARTYR. By GRACE AGUILAR, author of "Home Influence," "Woman's Friendship," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS; OR, THE LADY AND THE LAWYER. A Novel. By MARMION SAVAGE, author of the "Bachelor of Albany," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S COOK BOOK. By the author of "The National Cook Book." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. The receipts contained in this volume have been thoroughly tested by the author, and will prove to be invaluable to housekeepers.

MAN'S WRONGS; OR, WOMAN'S FOIBLES. By KATE MANTON. Published by Crosby & Damrell, Boston; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, Philada.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. For April. American Edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

THE STANDARD. A Journal of Reform and Literature. Published Monthly. May, 1870. AARON M. POWELL, Editor. Published at 606 Broadway, New York.

☞ There are now 5 Norwegian churches in Chicago, that call themselves Lutheran, and are for the most part in bitter strife among themselves. So says a Norwegian paper. They should read that article on "a Christian frame of mind."

☞ There is an ecclesiastical warehouse in London, which supplies "articles for piety" to Christians of the "Brother Ignatius" type. Among the articles advertised are "Iron Discipline," consisting of a "cat" with several tails of linked iron wire, the ends of each link projecting in the form of spikes. There are also bracelets for the head, arms, legs, and body, smooth on the outside, but with small spikes on the inside, to mortify the flesh of devout Christians.

☞ Anna Dickinson says that "there is no work a man can do but that will be better done by having a woman at his side." What says Anna to ploughing, or hauling and spreading manure?

☞ Queen Victoria is strongly opposed to what is called "the enfranchisement of woman." In her Diary she speaks of her own early Queenly troubles—her incapacity for the position—and the blessing it was afterwards to have the ripe and steady judgment of Prince Albert to guide her.

☞ In the recent collision on the Missouri Pacific railroad, the whole number of killed is now reported at 19 and the wounded at 30, of whom 15 are seriously and 8 dangerously injured.

☞ In Boston fifteen white females married negro husbands last year, while never a white male espoused a dusky helpmeet. Sumner will have to get up a new bill.

An Interesting Bit of History.

The Eastern Argus publishes a queer and interesting bit of history, connected with Penn's settlement on the Delaware, which we print below, with the editor's comments. He says:

"Mr. Judkins, the librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in overhauling a chest of old papers deposited in the archives of that body by the late Robert Greenleaf, of Malden, has recently made a curious discovery which has especial interest for the people of Pennsylvania. Among these papers was one of ancient date, which bore this endorsement: '*Ye scheme to bagge Penne.*' This curious title attracted the attention of Mr. Judkins, and he examined the contents of the document with more than common interest. It is in the familiar and quaint handwriting of the Rev. Cotton Mather, and is addressed to 'Ye aged and beloved Mr. John Higginston.' It bears date 'September ye 15th, 1762,' and reads thus, the odd spelling of the original being followed to the letter:—"

There be now at sea a shippe (for our friend Mr. Enlas Holcroft of London did advise me by the last packet that it wolde sail some time in August) called ye Welcome, R. Greenway master, which has aboard an hundred or more of ye heretics or maligpants called Quakers with W. Penne who is ye Chief Scampe at ye hedde of them. Ye General Court has accordinggely given secret orders to Master Malachi Huxett of ye brig Porpoise to waylaye ye said Welcome slylie as near ye coast of Codde as may be and make captive ye said Penne and his ungodlie crew so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new countree with ye heathen worshippe of these people. Much spoyle can be made by selling ye whole lotte to Barbadoes where slaves fetch goode prices in rumme and sugar and ye shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing ye wecked but we shall make great gayne for his ministers and people. Master Huxett feels hopeful and I will set down the news he brings when his shippe comes back.

Yours in ye bowels of Christ,
COTTON MATHER.

Agricultural Report.

The monthly report of the Statistical Division of the Department of Agriculture has been issued. It says, in relation to the condition of winter grain, that the April returns relative to the appearance of winter wheat and rye and other cereals are very complete, and represent every section of country in which the crops are grown. They picture a small and slow growth, thinned in many places by winter killing; weak and unthrifty in spots, from loss of vitality by long exposure underice or to freezing winds—but, with these exceptions, vigorous, of good color, and ready to start, under the influence of a genial spring, into a luxuriant and healthful growth.

These blemishes are neither general nor very marked in the localities where they appear, with exceptions of severe freezing. While the appearance of wheat is by no means as promising as it was last year, the difference is due more to backwardness of growth, caused by late planting, followed by an early winter, which allowed of little more than germination before cold weather set in, than to injuries from freezing.

The mild weather and light snows of the winter wheat region were accompanied with few sudden changes in the earlier winter months, while the colder and rougher weather of the later winter was attended with heavier snows, which furnished valuable protection at a critical season. The regular returns were prepared about April 1. The tenor of later information gives assurance of a general and rapid amelioration, which may yet result, the season favoring, in a fine crop of winter wheat.

☞ An English sailor the other day at Brussels emptied his pockets into the apron of a woman with a lap of half-starving children. Her apron then contained two hundred and fifty francs, and the sailor remarked to the astounded natives who witnessed this act, "I am a good fellow, and never drink when I have nothing to drink with."

☞ After an intermission of 1,800 years, Laugni has lately re-opened the Pompeii Theatre with "The Child of the Regiment." The manager solicits the continuance of the patronage bestowed upon his predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius, and promises to equal the efforts of that eminent manager.

☞ Fifteen thousand wives are wanted in Kansas. But ladies of refinement will want to know before filling the vacancy, whether they are to be liable to serve on juries, work in the fields, clean out stables, and do other portions of man's work, in addition to the already sufficiently laborious occupations of their sex. If such are to be their "rights" in Kansas, they will prefer to stay in the East.

☞ A verbose preacher in England who could be found only on Sunday, being obliged to secrete himself during the week to avoid his creditors, was in this wise criticised by a waggish hearer: "That man," said he, "is invisible six days in the week, and incomprehensible on the seventh."

☞ What is generally called fast living is really nothing but dying as quick as possible.

☞ The last euphuism out is that of a student, who remarked, the other day, of one in whose honesty he has no great abiding faith, that he will hereafter have opportunity "to examine the sulphur spectrum without building any special fire for the occasion."

☞ A piously-inclined person was exhorting Pat on the subject of religion. He indignantly answered, "Sure, an' didn't I jine the Methodists? Faix an' I did. I jined for six months an' behaved myself so well they let me off with three!"

☞ "Why is the straw before the house? I hope madame is not ill." "No, no, monsieur, only in bed the last three days." "Indeed, and not ill, you say?" "The fact is, monsieur, she has lost two of her favorite carriage horses, and cannot bear to hear the sound of wheels."

☞ Another practical joker has been taught a lesson. In Newburyport, Monday evening, Abner Porter left his seat for a moment, and as he was about to resume it some one pulled the chair from under him, causing him to fall and strike heavily upon his head, by which an artery was broken in his neck, and before medical assistance could be had he had nearly bled to death.

☞ A sanguinary young American named Stone, at Heidelberg, having slashed nearly all his fellow-students with the sword, the University authorities have peremptorily prohibited duelling.

☞ John Graham was paid $10,000 for defending McFarland, and the New York Mail thinks he earned the money.

MY SONG.

Tell it, O Wind! from morn till night,
Tell it *forever*, and tell it aright;
And you, O Roses! beneath your blushes,
Whisper it soon to the listening thrushes;
And, Thrushes, be sure you carol it sweet
Till the echoes themselves are fain to repeat!

O ebbing Tide! with your silver fret,
Float it along, nor quite forget;
And you, O Sea! with your thunder-tone,
Pass it onward from zone to zone,
And to all the world the secret tell,
That my lover he loves me, *he loves me well!*

Bend down, O Stars! in your shining courses,
Lend to my song your eternal forces;
Wherever you shine, o'er what worlds divine,
Proclaim that his love is mine, is mine!
That he loves me a-near, and he loves me apart,
To-day and forever, with all his heart!

Representation of the Minority.

The Illinois State Convention resolved, on the 6th instant, to submit to the popular vote, as a separate article of the constitution now framing, a proposition that three representatives be elected in each of the legislative districts, and that in such election "each qualified voter may cast as many votes for one candidate as there are representatives to be elected, or may distribute the same or equal parts thereof among the candidates as he shall see fit, and the candidates highest in votes shall be declared elected." Under this plan, which is that of the cumulative vote, it can be seen that the minority party in each district can, by concentrating its strength, infallibly secure at least one of the three members, and that in no case can the majority, as now, elect the whole delegation merely by being the majority.

Again, we notice that the overseers of Harvard College are this year to be chosen by the system of voting devised by Mr. Hare. Every candidate who receives one-tenth of the whole number of ballots cast, is to be elected; and every elector may send in on one ballot as many names as he chooses, indicating by figures his preference or first choice. The ballots will be counted in the order in which they are received; and whenever a first candidate has enough votes to be elected, the second and third choice will be counted.

It is evident that the representation of minorities is attracting the attention it deserves.

Replanting a Tooth.

When the tooth is somewhat loose, and painful to bite on, with swelling of the gum, and suppuration, the tooth is taken out; all the diseased parts are scraped from the roots, and it is well washed and disinfected in carbolic acid! but those portions of mucous membrane which are commonly attached to the neck of a tooth, and appear healthy, are not scraped away. The socket from which the tooth was drawn is also properly cleaned, and the tooth is put back into its former place, and in a number of cases it takes root, and fixes itself firmly in the course of a *fortnight*, and then becomes as serviceable as the other teeth. This is a remarkable instance of vital force. By the small portion of living tissue left adherent to the tooth, attachment to the jaw is renewed; and though failures occur, there is reason to believe that, as in other surgical operations, they will become fewer as the operators acquire experience. The teeth are so important to life and health, that whatever tends to preserve them should be encouraged.

☞ Col. Hough publishes a card in the San Francisco papers denying the charge by Fitz-Hugh Lee that Gen. Thomas offered his services in writing to Virginia, and at the beginning of the war was strongly Southern in his feelings. Col. Hough uses the General's own words in regard to the slander, and emphatically denies that any letter ever passed between him and the Confederate authorities.

☞ In California, the Japanese have set out 300,000 tea plants at Calistoga.

☞ CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLES.—A man entering a druggist's shop at Bilston, where lay a petition in favor of arbitration instead of war, was asked by the shopman if he would sign it. "No," was the reply, "I am Wesleyan, and *will not* sign it, because it is *against the Bible.*" "Indeed, how do you make that out?" "Why, the Bible says there shall be '*wars and rumors of wars*,' and I won't sign it."

☞ The Massachusetts Senate has rejected the Ten-hours Labor Bill.

☞ Hoops for the communion table, made so as to make the dress set gracefully on the kneeling figure, is the latest development of fashion.

☞ We suppose it is wicked to laugh, but we cannot help laughing. Massachusetts, while all the rest of us have been working our operatives ten hours a day, has been working them eleven and twelve hours, and thus gaining from half a day to a whole day every week. But now the operatives are up in arms, and crying "we are white, but comely"—give us our "equal rights." And the indomitable Phillips is threatening to put himself at their head. And the prospect is, that Massachusetts will have enough to do for a few years, in regulating her own concerns, and preserving her manufacturing supremacy.

☞ Hooper, the Mormon delegate to Congress, says that the reason our first parents did not practice polygamy was "that their marriage was "exhaustive!" In other words, that Adam married "all the women in the world."

☞ In Vermont recently delegates were elected to a State Constitutional Convention. The vote was very light, and little interest was felt except upon the woman suffrage proposition of the Censors, which will be rejected almost or quite unanimously.

☞ The Chinese in California—such of them as do farming and gardening work—will receive but 75 cents per day for their labor this season. In regions distant from San Francisco, they will be paid but 50 cents a day.

☞ A clergyman, in a recent sermon in New York, quoted an anecdote of an old merchant, who instructed his clerks: "When a man comes into the store and talks of his honesty, watch him; if he talks of his wealth, don't try to sell him; if he talks of his religion, don't trust him a dollar."

☞ In view of the fringes, tassels, cords and braids that are used to make up ladies' dresses now-a-days, the New York Commercial proposes to fashion reporters to say that ladies are "elegantly upholstered," rather than dressed.

☞ The great sensation at the late woman's right's convention in New York was an address by Miss Catherine Beecher, in opposition to the woman suffrage movement. Her text was, "Let men take care of the government, and let women take care of homes."

☞ Next summer the celebrated miracle-play, the Passion, the last relic of those religious representations from which the dramatic literatures of all the modern nations of Europe are supposed to have sprung, will again be performed in the Bavarian village of Ober-Ammergau.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—About 14,000 bbls in lots at $4,50@4,75 for superfine, $5@5,25 for extra, $5,50@6 for Northwest extra family. 1900 bbls low grade do at $5,75@6,50 for Penna extra family; $6,50@6 for Indiana family $6@6,50 for Ohio family. 400 bbls Rye sold at $5,25.

GRAIN—9000 bus Penna red sold at $1,45; 10,000 bus prime do at $1,38@1,40; 3000 bus fair at $1,32@1,35; 18,000 bus prime Western red at $1,38@1,40 3000 bus Delaware at $1,40@1,45. Rye; 4500 bus sold at $1,03 for Western, and $1,03@105 for Penna. Corn; 50,000 bus Penna and Delaware yellow sold at $1,14@1,15 ₩ bus, and 40,000 bus Western mixed and yellow at $1,10@1,15.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 300 bbls new mess Pork at $19,50@20. Mess Beef may be quoted at $21@22 ₩ bbl for city packed extra family. Beef Hams are quoted at $23@25 ₩ bbl. Bacon is firm; sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 18@20c; Excelsior hams at 20c; sides at 10@13c, and shoulders at 13½@14c. Green Meats are dull; sales of 150 tcs pickled hams at 16½@17c, and shoulders in salt at 12@12½c. Lard is dull; sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 16½@16¾c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs 18c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 25@30c; very choice do at 32c; choice New York tub at 27@28c; Penna and Western and solid packed ranges from 18 to 20c. Cheese—Sales at 14@16½c. Eggs sell at 16@18c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—2000 bales middlings sold at 23½@23¾c for uplands and 24@24½c ₩ ₤ for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron is quoted at $27 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—Green Apples are scarce, and sell at $5@6 for Western and New York. In Dried Peaches and Apples there is very little doing; sales of Apples at 5½@5c, and Peaches at 7@8c for quarters, 8½@9c for halves, and 17@20c for pared. Blackberries sell at 12½@13c.

FEATHERS—There is a steady demand for Prime Western at 78@82c ₩ ₤.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 ₤s, $1,50@1,60; Mixed do $1,35@1,50; Straw $1,25@1,40.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 14@22c, and Wisconsin at 18@20c ₩ ₤.

IRON—Sales of foundry at $23@33 for No. 1; and $31 ₩ ton for No. 2. 1000 tons of Schuylkill No 2 Foundry sold on private terms. Bar Iron is quoted at $75@77 ton.

SEEDS—Sales of 400 bus Cloverseed at $8@8,50. 200 bus of Timothy sold at $7,25@7,50. Flaxseed sells slowly at $2,25 ₩ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₩ ₤. 175 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 6½@7c ₩ ₤. 2900 Hogs sold at from $12,00 to 12,75 ₩ 100 ₤s.

Any person desiring work as agent, by addressing at once E. THOMPSON, Hoboken N. J., will learn of something that will not them from $18 to $30 a week. mar26-3m

☞ MESSRS. WANAMAKER & BROWN, of this city, claim to have the largest clothing house in America. Even New York, they say, cannot boast of an establishment like Oak Hall. We have purchased clothing there repeatedly, and been well suited as to cut and price. ap20-tf

A Roll of Female Hair.

Measuring six feet long, is in the possession of a London Hair Dealer. Evidently the lady had used *"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."*

LONDON WHICH DOES PRODUCE HAIR RESTORER.
LONDON HAIR RESTORER.
LONDON THE MOST GLORIOUS HAIR HAIR RESTORER.
LONDON HAIR RESTORER.

In all its youthful color, lustre, softness and beauty. Only 75 cents a bottle. Sold by all dealers and Dr. Swayne & Son, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. my7-eowtf

Ladies desire what men admire. And this little thing is Beauty. What do we say is beautiful? A transparent complexion and a luxuriant head of hair. What will produce these? Hagan's Magnolia Balm will make any lady of thirty appear but twenty, and Lyon's Kathairon will keep every hair in its place, and make it grow like the April grass. It prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the finest hair dressing in the world, and at only half ordinary cost. If you want to get rid of sallowness, pimples, ring-marks, moth-patches, etc., don't forget the Magnolia Balm, ladies. my7-1m

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

Universal Clothes Wringer.—But one invention has held its own in the household, and that is the Clothes Wringer. We have used one of those whose name heads this article for *ten years*, and it has done good service during that time, although in weekly use. We consider the fact that the frame and all parts of the machine are made of wood to be in its favor. There can be no possibility of injury to the clothes by rust. Another advantage of this Wringer is that of a patent stop, in the form of a screw, placed over the wheels preventing them from getting out of gear. But the principal advantage of this Wringer over others, is the patent double gear. This is the invention of the late Dr. Warren Howell, and one of the best devices in mechanical movements that has come under our observation for a long time.—*N. Y. Mechanic, Dec. 1, 1869.*

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, which has been in use ten years constantly. It does every variety of work with ease and facility. It has not cost me one cent for repairs. I consider it the best machine in use."—*Thos. E. Easton, Lexington, Ky.*

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sept-1y

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science for removing brown discolorations from the face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap2-3m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains no LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. ap16-3m

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumerous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of waste, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

Shaking and Burning.

It is not necessary to journey from the tropics to Alaska in order to experience the extremes of heat and cold. Thousands undergo all the inconveniences of this thermometrical change every day, or every other day, as the case may be, without the trouble of moving over the threshold. A word with these involuntary shakers. What are they doing to expedite their return to a medium temperature?—to break the chills and banish the fever. Are they dosing themselves with quinine, thereby imperilling the soundness of their bones and impairing the vigor of their brains and nervous system? Some of them are, no doubt, but not the majority of them, it is believed. The value of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS as a harmless and certain specific for fever and ague is understood and appreciated in all parts of the country where intermittents prevail. The residents of such localities begin to take it early in the spring as a protection against the miasma by which they are surrounded; not all of them, perhaps, for a blind adherence to error is the specialty of some people, but the greater number.

If there is any fixed fact in therapeutics, it is this: that the Bitters are a far better safeguard against all the varieties of periodic maladies produced by unwholesome exhalations than any drug or compound in the materia medica of the profession. This assertion is made with all due respect to the faculty, but being an important truth, and one that nearly concerns the health of large settlements in various parts of the country, and indeed of the public at large, it is made fearlessly. Founded on ample and unimpeachable testimony, it defies disproval.

To break up chills and fevers, as well as to prevent them, there is nothing so reliable as this wholesome vegetable restorative. my7-1m

"To Owners of Horses and Cattle."

Tobias' Derby Condition Powders are warranted superior to any others, or no pay, for the cure of distemper, worms, bots, coughs, hide-bound, colds, &c., in horses, and colds, coughs, loss of milk, black-tongue, horn distemper, &c., in cattle. These "Powders" were formerly put up by Simpson I. Tobias, son of Dr. Tobias, and since his death the demand has been so great that Dr. Tobias has continued to manufacture them. They are perfectly safe and innocent; no need of stopping the working of your animals. They increase the appetite, give a fine coat, cleanse the stomach and urinary organs, and increase the milk of cows. Try them, and you will never be without them. Col. Philo P. Busk, of the "Jerome Park Race Course," Fordham, N. Y., would not use them until he was told of what they were composed, since which time he is never without them. He has over twenty running horses in his charge, and for the last three years has used no other medicine for them.

Sold by druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Price, 25 cents per box. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. my7-1m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. William Outhcart, Mr. LEWIS D. BELAIR, Jr., to Miss ELIZABETH FERR, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. JOHN CLARK to Miss ANNIE FLEEK, both of this city.

On the 11th of Jan., by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, Mr. THOMAS S. WRIGHT to Miss NELLIE F. FOX, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Sterrett, D. D., Mr. CHARLES HEPBURN, late of Scotland, to Miss SARAH SANDERSON, of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM KEARNEY to Miss ELIZABETH LONG, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. SIMON SNYDER to Miss IDA ALGUIN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. HANNAH JONES, in her 64th year.

On the 9th instant, Mr. JOHN ADAMS, in his 86th year.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM H. BUTLER, in his 25th year.

On the 8th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of the late James Thompson, aged 56 years.

On the 8th instant, ALEXANDER HARRISON, in his 76th year.

On the 7th instant, WILLIAM J. ALEXANDER, in his 54th year.

On the 7th instant, WILLIAM CURRY, in his 25th year.

On the 7th instant, HANNAH RIANHARD, in her 64th year.

On the 6th instant, HENRY F. SUMMERL, in his 48th year.

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

DECORATING A CHURCH (EASTER EVE.)

The old gray chancel arch looks bright,
  Gilt by the slant sunbeam,
Shed from the glory of those saints
  Who in yon window gleam;
And now that every meadow shows
  Its own peculiar gem,
These ancient walls seems blossoming
  As if to rival them.

Anemones bloom with a dye
  As proud as that of Tyre,
Azaleas round the altar-cross,
  Glow with a harmless fire;
Violets adorn the marble helm
  Of that bold knight of Richard's host,
And every pulpit panel can
  Its special flower-wreath boast.

And while fair votaries deck the wall
  And twine the pillars with spring flowers,
Some unseen feet have scaled the height,
  Where the deep-sounding organ towers.
And softly as the brooding bird
  That mourns its rifled nest, we hear
The *vox humana* stop breathe forth,
  So tender sweet, so silver clear.

Then presently with royal pomp,
  The softened thunder breaks the calm,
A giant chorus to the strain
  Of David's noble battle psalm;
Until we see, or think we see,
  All Asia rousing to the war,
With streams of spears and sheaves of swords,
  And banners gathering from afar.

And from this mighty stir and din
  A voice soars up, as the lark soars,
O'er lightning clouds and rolling storm,
  When Heaven its hoarded wrath outpours;
And then a choir of angels seem
  To lead us back to Eden's bowers,
Where blooms the deathless amaranth,
  And sunshine glows undimmed by showers.

Greek Brigands.

There is a curious account, published in January, 1869, of the system of brigandage as it is now carried on in Greece. The pamphlet, written in modern Greek, is by a certain Andrew Moskonisco, a cavalry lieutenant. He states that after the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, and the subjugation of Greece by the Turks, bands of patriots, particularly from among the tribes known as the Cleptai and the Armatoli, joined together to resist the tyrants, and, retreating to the mountains and fastholds of nature, there set up a code of laws, and formed a small but independent government in the midst of the conquered country. Gradually, however, these heroes dwindled into robbers; and the warfare against tyranny became a spoiling of the weak. Their code of laws, as at present existing, is a strange mixture of barbarity and chivalry. It contains fifteen clauses, which are as follows:—

1. All treachery to be punished by cutting off the extremities of the traitor, as an example to others.
2. On a second offence, the traitor to be killed and exposed.
3. The rich to be captured, and not allowed to depart till they have paid ransom, and sworn not to injure the brigands by a relation of their adventures to the authorities.
4. The captives, if not ransomed, to be strangled.
5. If the ransom be short of the sum named, lots to be drawn whether the captive shall go free, having one ear cut off to show that the sum was deficient, or shall be killed.
6. Captives once ransomed must, if recaptured, pay a second time.
7. All soldiers to be killed.
8. The bearers of the ransom to be respected, and small money to be given them on their departure.
9. After the ransom is paid, before the captive is released, he is to be kept and entertained some few days, to see what manner of man he is; and before he goes his beard is to be shaved off.
10. All robbers plotting with government to be killed.
11. No one to be admitted into the band as a member who has not previously committed a criminal act.
12. Should a captive escape, his keeper is to be held responsible, and expelled from the band.
13. Never to steal the goats and sheep from the shepherds, but to pay for all taken.
14. To offer gifts at any monastery or hermitage, by way of expiation for sin.
15. Not to be cruel to captives; to go shares in everything; and never to injure women.

It is the shepherds who support the brigands, and by whose means they are so well hid from the authorities. The shepherds supply them with bread, meat, and wine, serve them as guides in times of danger, and it is their children who are educated to be brigands, and who reinforce their ranks. Immense precautions are taken by the robbers against surprises. In the fine weather they come down from their strongholds amongst the rocks and evergreen olives to the more sheltered country, to retire again in the winter. They always travel by night, proceeding in file through the open country; never through the narrow passes, for fear of ambushes. The smallest object, the faintest sound, startles them; and down they drop flat on their stomachs till their confidence is renewed. A tree waving in the breeze, or the rustle of dead leaves as they walk over them shoeless for fear of noise, is often enough to cause one of these panics. Before starting on any of these journeys they always appoint a rendezvous in case of separation. Their scouts go on in front, driving horses or oxen, and habited as drovers. Under their shelter follows the main body, peeping constantly beneath the cattle to see if an enemy is approaching; and behind come the vanguard, who, if anything is amiss, whistle like a night-bird, and the band disperses.

From a very horrid reason, it is said that the crows are the best detectives of the robbers. When the band are camping in a marsh, the clothes, owing to their uncleanly habits, emit so strong a smell, that the crows, imagining it to be carrion, collect in swarms, and hover above them, so that the soldiers are often guided to the spot by seeing the dark cloud in the air.

There is a regular system of treating for the ransom of the captives. A letter is first conveyed by the robbers from the captive to his friends. This generally contains a safe-conduct for the messenger who shall be chosen to go to the robber camp and treat, and a plan marking out certain places he must stop at. He travels by night, on a white horse, and carries a small bell, which he rings at certain convenient and solitary situations, where he is answered by a shrill whistle if all is well. Unless the whistle is heard he must not go on—and the whole plan is so arranged that the man himself does not know where he is finally going to, so that it is impossible for the authorities to discover the brigands' haunt thereby. At a certain spot the robbers meet him, and conduct him into the presence of the chief. Then a regular bargaining is commenced. The chief names a sum, which the messenger, if he is a man of determination, and represents well the insufficient means of the captive, can often get reduced. When the bargain is finally struck, the messenger goes back for the money by a different road to that he came by, and returns with the same ceremonies and precautions. The ransom is delivered to the chief in presence of all the band, who light a taper and examine the coins to see if they are good. The captive is then brought in, loosed from his ropes, his beard cut off, and then he is kissed by each robber on the cheek, whilst they all cry out several times "Kallali!" that is to say, "Bogone, and be of good health." Should the robbers be besieged during the time of the bargaining, both captive and ransom are destroyed.

The robbers' great object is to terrify the people into bringing sufficient ransom; therefore, when it is deficient, or the captive is too poor to pay at all, the most horrible cruelties are practised. There are several such cases known to have occurred quite lately. One man, whose ransom was short of the sum named, was tortured, stripped naked, and slowly burned with a lighted fusee to such an extent that he can never recover. A boy of fifteen had his ear cut off from the roots because a hundred drachmi of the ransom was wanting. But the most terrible account of all was as follows: Three peasants had been taken prisoners. Two of them were enabled, by the sale of their oxen, to make up a sum sufficient to content the brigands. The third was a poor man, and could pay nothing. He was condemned to death. He fell at their feet praying for mercy. "The law forbids it," was the answer. Lots were drawn as to who should be the executioner, and it fell to the chief. The chief led him out, and compelled him to dig his own grave, standing over him dirk in hand, and occasionally, as the peasant hesitated over his task, sharpening it on an instrument usually employed for lighting the fires. When the grave was dug the man fainted; but recovering, and trembling all over like a fish, again knelt down, crying, "Spare me, brothers, for my children's sake." He might as well have prayed to a stone. The chief seized his long hair in one hand, with the other made six thrusts at his neck, and finally threw the body into the grave. Then the other captives had to cast in earth and bury him.

It would be impossible to believe that such atrocities could be carried on without the connivance of government. Such has been hinted to be the case—whether with truth cannot be positively ascertained.

A Wonder of Chemistry.

Everbody knows that the diamond to look at is very different from a lump of charcoal to look at, and both different from a piece of black-lead. This is physically evident; yet chemistry, apply it as we may, only proves that the diamond, charcoal, and black-lead are one and all carbon. If a diamond be actually burned in oxygen gas, carbonic acid results; the very same gas we obtain by the combustion of charcoal in a stove. More evidence: by exposing diamonds to heat in a certain way, they can be changed to coke; but unfortunately for the practical man, and happily for ladies who have invested in diamonds, proud of the investment, no means have yet been discovered for effecting the backward change of coke into diamonds.

☞ The French society against the use of tobacco has presented a silver medal to the scholars of an academy who have zealously followed the advice of their tutors to abstain from the weed. The juveniles gratefully renewed their promise not to smoke or chew.

Presence of Mind.

Now, then, throw yourself over; you'll be dashed to atoms; but what matter? Away you go. You feel that unless you speedily retreat, you must obey the dread command; and you turn your head away from gazing down the horrid abyss. You ask yourself: What if I were so placed that I could not withdraw, should I obey the whispering demon? Perhaps you reason with yourself: Nonsense! it is only a feeling, a sensation; impossible! Try again. Yes, there it is again; you dare not remain. What can it be? you ask. Is it the demon of suicide? Can it be anything in my brain? There; you have hit it! It is no demon of suicide that urges you on—it is only something in your brain. Let us try and find out what it is.

From a pair of scissors to the imperial parliament, and upwards still to the System of the Universe, every agency, moral or physical, seems to be compounded of two antagonistic forces, controllable and performing correctly the duties assigned to them as long as they work in unison; but uncontrollable, and prone to run into excess of their functions, if separated from each other.

Take away the force of gravity, and centrifugal force uncontrolled would scatter us in fine dust through space. Abolish one of the constituent parts of any well-organized government, and the result, in a moral sense, would probably be pretty much the same. Even the blade of a pair of scissors won't work without its fellow. Nor is the brain an exception to this rule. An eminent philosopher (Dr. Richardson,) still living, in experimenting recently on animals, with the object of testing the comparative value of various anæsthetics discovered that at least two antagonistic forces reside in the brain: one having its abode in the anterior and upper portion (the cerebrum,) the other in the lower and posterior part (the cerebellum.) In his experiments, he observed that if the cerebrum of an animal be rendered insensible, and its powers thus temporarily destroyed, the animal is immediately impelled to rush forward; on the other hand, the cerebellum being paralyzed, retrograde movement is the result. Thus he accounts for that impulse which many people feel to precipitate themselves from a height: the cerebrum, which contains the thinking and directing faculties, under such circumstances becoming paralysed—dizzy—and so the control which it normally exercises over the cerebellum being partially removed, the influence of the latter declares itself.

The learned professor having opened the gate for us, we may walk in and observe for ourselves. Many things come to our recollection which we can now account for by this double brain force. We can comprehend why that partridge dashed madly forward after the fatal charge struck him; and why the other, although flying at the same speed, fell back in the air like a tumbler-pigeon, fluttering still backward to the ground. If we take up the one, we find a grain of shot has pierced the skull a little above the eyes; and we see the death-wound of the other at the back of the head. We can now understand why those overcome with fright so frequently rush into the danger they wish to avoid. Nor need we confine ourselves to examples of a purely physical nature. We may place in the same category the bashful man who talks nonsense when he should hold his tongue; the awkward man, who only is awkward because he is nervous—the directing power of his brain is in abeyance—and the passionate man, whose words and actions are uncontrolled by his reasoning powers. In a word, we can trace half our foolish words and actions to a want of equilibrium between these two forces that inhabit our brains, and it is only when the balance is correct that we are fit to govern ourselves.

Presence of mind is the popular term to express this mental equilibrium.

The question has been frequently discussed in social circles, whether men or women are most prone to lose their presence of mind. Lucy, just seventeen, says: "Oh, men, to be sure. Why, self-possession is an attribute almost peculiar to women: a young girl entering society is quite at her ease, while a young man is sure to be awkward and nervous. See how we get out of a scrape: never at a loss for an answer. A man would stutter and mutter, and get deeper into the mire." "Yes, but," says Tom, who is just home from school, and not much troubled with nerves—"just look at you girls how you scream: if your life depended on silence, you'd betray yourselves by a scream." Then the ladies reply: "Oh, we don't pretend to be as brave as men." And so the question remains unsettled. Lucy, no doubt, is correct, nor is Tom less so. Perhaps the fairest arrangement would be to grant the weaker sex pre-eminence in the absence of physical danger; and yet, on the other hand, instances of calm thought and deliberate action of women under trying circumstances are so numerous, that they can scarcely be held as merely exceptions to the rule. Amongst the tales of shipwrecks are recorded noble instances of presence of mind amongst women in the most appalling danger. What could be more heroic, for instance than the conduct of the women on board the ill-fated *London*? Indeed, it is generally in circumstances of comparatively trifling peril that the balance of female mind is disturbed—when, as Tom says, they shriek.

The following story, exemplifying remarkable presence of mind in an old lady, has never been in print. It is perfectly true. This old lady— But stay; she shall tell the tale herself, as she used to tell it to me, her little nephew.

"You know, my dear, I was living in the country at the time, my little grand-daughter being my only companion. We had two female servants and a man-servant, but he did not sleep in the house, but in a loft over the stable. One night, late in the autumn, I went up to bed at my usual hour—nine o'clock. I was early, you see, for Fanny was only seven years old, and I did not care to sit up alone after she was in bed; besides, by the time I had read my chapter, and said my prayers, and undressed myself, it was fully ten o'clock. Well, on this particular night, I went up as usual. I first undressed the child, and put her into bed; then I made myself comfortable, and got my Bible, and sat by the fire—it was very cold for the season, and I kept a fire in my room—and after I had finished my chapter, I knelt down to my prayers; my position as I knelt was with my back to the fire, and my face toward the bed. I had scarcely got on my knees, when I caught sight of something unusual under the bed: on looking more attentively, I could see that it was a man's foot. My first impulse was to scream, but fortunately I restrained myself; and the first shock over, I was able to think. I had no doubt that it was a robber, and that if he found that he was discovered, he might not stop short of murder. I dared not go to bed, and pretend I did not know he was there; and yet, how to get the child and myself out of the room without exciting suspicion, I could not imagine. These thoughts passed through my mind in half the time I have taken to tell you; and I was about to rise from my knees, when I suddenly recollected that my doing so at once might in itself excite suspicion; for aught I knew, it might be some one who knew my habits, perhaps even my own man-servant, though I had no reason to suspect him. At all events, I determined to remain some time longer, as if engaged in my devotions. I need not tell you that I could not give much heed to my prayers, but I did ask for protection and guidance. You know, dear, that I am a slow, methodical old woman, and that I seldom get through my prayers in less than a quarter of an hour, so I now determined not to stir for at least ten minutes. What an age those ten minutes seemed! I never took my eyes off the foot until just before I arose, when it was slowly withdrawn out of my sight. When I saw it move, I felt faint with fright, for I feared lest the man had suspected, and was going to come out; however, he remained quiet, and then I got up from my knees. The next thing to be done was to get the child out of bed without causing any alarm. Speaking as calmly as I was able, I asked her if she were awake; she answered in rather a sleepy tone, but aroused herself as I continued speaking. 'Fanny, dear,' I said, 'I have left my keys below stairs'—I felt a little uneasy at the falsehood, but I hope it was not wrong—'and I cannot undress without them; I don't like going down by myself; would you mind getting up my love, and coming with me?' She jumped out of bed in a moment, and, having wrapped a shawl round her, I pushed her before me; then, when opening the door, I managed to take out the key and put it on the other side. I then shut the door, and locked it; and then, my dear, I could no longer control myself—I shrieked several times at the top of my voice, and fainted. After all, poor Joseph, the coachman, was faithful, for one of the maids called him in, and, armed with a pitchfork, he secured the robber, who was trying to get out of the window." Here was an instance of retention of presence of mind in the face of apparent danger, and the loss of self-control when the danger had passed. Habit has much to do in the preservation of the cerebral equilibrium, as we see, for instance, in the sailor who goes aloft without feeling any inclination to come down "by the run," and in the matador in the bull-ring, whose fate depends on his coolness. Education, also, no doubt, assists in keeping the brain in order. Yet here, again, we have numerous instances of presence of mind in the humbler and less educated ranks in life. One example—also a true story, though it has appeared in this very Journal, in another form, and in the guise of fiction, and has besides been made use of on the stage—will suffice. Caroline G——, a good-looking, finely-proportioned girl, lived as lady's-maid with a fashionable widow, rather *passé*. One evening, after having assisted at her mistress's toilet for a dinner-party, she amused herself, before putting away the various articles scattered about the room, in trying on a pair of silk stockings and dress-shoes belonging to her mistress, and, having done so, she viewed her well-turned limbs with complacency, saying aloud: "There's a leg for a stocking, and there's a foot for a shoe." Having satisfied herself as to their symmetry, she divested herself of her borrowed plumes, put the room to rights, and awaited the return of her mistress, whom she saw into bed. That was the last time she saw her alive. She was found in the morning murdered in her bed, the jewel-case and plate-chest broken open and robbed. The robber and murderer had left no trace by which he could be captured, and in spite of the most diligent search, escaped. Three years after, Caroline was engaged in a similar capacity by a lady who took her to Paris. She had almost forgotten the murder, and, if she thought of it, it was not with any hope of discovering the criminal. It happened that she was walking in one of the public promenades one afternoon, when, as she passed a group of men, she heard these words: "There's a leg for a stocking, and there's a foot for a shoe." In a moment the events of the evening before her mistress was murdered flashed on her memory. And now for her marvellous presence of mind. Pretending not to have heard anything, she glanced sideways at the group of men. She saw there were three, but she could not tell which of them had spoken. She walked slowly past them, then she stopped in an undecided manner, and finally turned back, and, walking up to them, she asked to be directed to a certain street. As she expected, all of them had a word for her, and amongst the voices she easily recognized the one that had just spoken. Their language and looks were both very free, but she only told them that they were very impertinent, and that she would get the information she wanted from the first gendarme. She thus averted suspicion if they watched her speaking to a policeman. The next difficulty was how to inform a gendarme what she wanted; she had been only a fortnight in France, and scarcely knew a word of French. She however, carried a pocket dictionary with her, to assist her in making purchases, and as a means of acquiring a little French. Going over to a bench, she sat down, and, searching through the dictionary, found the words she wanted, and she then wrote them with a pencil in the fly-leaf of the dictionary. The sentence ran thus: "*Gendarme, je avoir besoin vous arreter meurtrier.* The grammar was not very correct, as dictionaries do not teach syntax, but the gendarme understood it, and in another minute held the murderer in his grasp. He was afterwards convicted, and hung on the girl's testimony.

In this example we observe a kind of presence of mind not usual in the female sex. First, there was the natural impulse to express astonishment, subdued the moment it was felt, and then the rapid concentration of thought in conceiving a stratagem. In such a case as that of Caroline G——, ninety-nine women in a hundred would have betrayed themselves by an "Oh!" or a little scream.

Intimately connected with the retention or loss of presence of mind are those conditions of the nervous system which constitute bravery and cowardice. As a rule, a coward loses presence of mind, whilst a brave man retains it; yet it often occurs that apparent cowardice is the result of loss of mental equilibrium in an individual naturally courageous. At the same time, those circumstances which demand the necessity for presence of mind are not necessarily tests for either courage or the reverse.

The field of battle gives us instances of every possible effect of danger or surprise on differently constituted brains. The bravest and coolest are those who realise the danger, and yet are as calm as those fortunate individuals to whom fear is unknown. There is a well-known story of a subaltern accusing his colonel of fear on an occasion of approaching danger. "Yes," replied the colonel, as he rode steadily on; "if you were half as much afraid, you would run away." Whether such would be the result of fear on the subaltern would depend upon the formation of his brain. Innate, sordid, reasoning cowardice would no doubt cause its victim to shrink from approaching danger; but the cowardice, if it can so be called, caused by paralysis of the thinking faculties in excessive danger, generally urges the subject of it onwards. Mental depression from any cause frequently induces this mad courage, and that too in men constitutionally calm. The following story was related to the writer by an officer in the Austrian army:

"The bugle-call had sounded, and in five minutes every man was in his saddle except B——.

"'He must be dead, or so sick that he can't crawl,' observed an old major: 'I never knew B—— behind when there was fighting in front.'

"Neither had I; and I agreed with the major that it must be some physical incapability that prevented plucky B——, as he was called in his regiment, from answering to a fighting bugle-call. I volunteered to ride round to his quarters, to ascertain what had become of him, and, accompanied by a cornet and a junior captain, I proceeded thither. We found B—— sitting at his camp-table, his head resting between his hands, looking as pale as death.

"'Hollo, B——! In a funk!' exclaimed the cornet.

"'Nonsense, you young fool,' I said; 'he has pluck enough in his little finger for your whole carcass. What's wrong, B——?'

"'F—— is right,' he replied: 'I am in a funk. My time is come, and I shall leave my wife and little child to beggary and worse.' (He had married in opposition to his father's wishes.)

"'Rubbish, old cock!' said D——, the captain, trying to laugh him out of such an extraordinary state of mind. 'You'll bring them another clasp yet; and, by Jove! if you fall, I'll provide for them.' D—— was an Englishman, who, like myself, had entered the Austrian service: he was the son of a nobleman, and was very well off.

"'Do you mean it?' said B——, starting up, with a wild expression darting through his eyes.

"'I do, by Jove!' replied D——. 'I'll settle a captain's pay on them for life; but I don't expect to have to do so, old fellow: you'll take care of them yourself.'

"A few words of explanation, and a repetition of his promise on the part of D——, and B—— buckled on his sword, and in another minute he was on his charger. Half an hour afterwards, we were engaged with the enemy. I kept my eye on B——. He was always brave; but now he was mad. His courage had been always characterised by extreme coolness, never courting, although never shrinking from danger, but now he rushed on his death—and he found it. Ten minutes from the time the first shot was fired, he was a corpse, transfixed by a dozen bayonet-wounds. D—— fulfilled his promise."

The impression on the brain, and its results in the action of the individual, vary considerably with the source of danger. Thus, fear of drowning invariably destroys presence of mind; the brave man and the coward equally frantically and ineffectually struggling for life; and yet, under no circumstances, can presence of mind be of more avail than in the effort to keep the head above water, there being no art in swimming. Every scientific man ought to be able to swim the first time of entering the water, and would, if he had presence of mind. Fire also has a peculiarly paralyzing effect, but not so general as the fear of drowning.

We are told that the sensations experienced by those who have been seized by the larger Felinæ are very remarkable—a calmness almost soporific, without fear, yet the intellect remaining clear, and ready to take advantage of any chance of escape. Such has been the experience of Livingstone and many others, as we read in books of African adventure. In one instance (not published), an officer in India being seized by a wounded tiger, held his breath, to feign death. "But," he says, "I felt wide awake, though withal a calm sensation stealing over me. By-and-by, I cautiously drew my hunting-knife, and fixed its point opposite the brute's heart: I was going to set my life on a venture. I knew that he would never leave go until he killed me, and if I missed my stroke, I only hastened my fate by a few minutes. Drawing a long breath, and grasping the knife with both hands, I plunged it to the hilt in his chest. It was a terrible game; but I won. The tiger fell back dead with scarcely a struggle: I had almost cut his heart in two."

The question naturally presents itself to us: Seeing the advantages to be gained by the retention of presence of mind, is it possible to be acquired? The answer may safely be: Certainly practice and education tend to preserve the equilibrium of the brain, which constitutes presence of mind. The sailor, the rope-walker, the sportsman, the diplomatist, are all examples of presence of mind induced by training. But, it may be justly objected, presence of mind is really only needed in sudden emergencies, which it is impossible to educate for. Yes, that is true; but calmness and deliberation once established as a habit, become constitutional, and respond under all circumstances when required. It therefore behoves us, in the most trifling as well as the most important actions, to act, think, and speak calmly, and with deliberation, to do nothing in a hurry or flurry, and, above all, to keep our tempers.

☞ RATHER TOO SMART.—A merchant recently hired a new clerk, and of course initiated him at once into the mystery of the "trade mark." The same afternoon, the newly inducted knight of the yard-stick was showing some goods to a lady customer, when she demurred at the price of the articles. The feelings of the merchant may be imagined, when the young man called out at the top of his voice: "What shall I sell this for? It is marked four dollars and a half—and cost fifty cents."

☞ A few drops of glycerine added to a pint of any writing fluid change it at once into copying ink.

THE SPRING IN THE WOOD.

Before the greening of the wood
From leafy bud to leafy bloom
Has darkened all its heart of light,
And made a purple heart of gloom;
While yet the sunshine makes the morn,
And trailing clouds no shadows fling,—
We wander through the trees to find
The violet-beds about the spring.

Bright is the spring within the wood,
That steals the sunshine as it flows,
And gurgles with the songs of birds,
And so to mocking music goes;
And well the children love to come
And play beside it all day long,
As if its beauty moved their hearts
To love its light, and learn its song.

So, ever in the violet-time,
When April days are brief and bright,
I brave the memories of the wood,
And soothe my heart in their delight.
Since they are happy in their glee,
Why should my selfish lips complain?
Why should their sunny present feel
The weary long-ago of pain?

I gaze upon the scene, and think,
And see through blinding mists of tears
The spring, and all around the spring
That made it dear in vanished years.
I feel a hand that grasps my own,
I hear a voice that sues and pleads;
A horror comes upon my life—
A darkness,—and a blank succeeds.

The children wonder that I turn
A vacant face upon their play;
And ask if tears are on my cheek.
Tears! It is but the rippling spray.
I weep not. All is for the best;
My life is purer for the past;
The wood is dearer for the woes
That once its brightness overcast.

Time changes, and we change with time,
Sad memories yield us easeful balm;
And where my life was wrecked, I come
For peaceful thought and soothing calm.
Still gleams the sunshine in the spring,
To music still its ripples go;
What if I smiled where now I weep?
The violets grew; the violets grow!

WILLIAM SAWYER.

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

AGAINST THE TIDE.

Vaughan Marchmont sat in Mrs. Preston's cosey drawing-room awaiting the coming of Miss Mackenzie. She was grave and cold, paler than usual, but her voice had a peculiar steadiness in it that was unpromising. It would require nice playing to win.

One of those subtle laws of fascination was here exemplified. The more she seemed to shun him the more determined he was upon conquest. If he had never seen her warm, impulsive, and glowing with latent mesmeric fire, he would hardly have considered the prize worth the pains. But she should yield to his influence once more, that he was steadfastly resolved upon.

"My dear friend," he said in his low, winning tone, "have you been ill? Why will you not let me advise and comfort?"

"You can give me no comfort. I hoped, Mr. Marchmont, that you would see this matter in the light that I desired, and leave me to myself."

"Thus solitary and struggling, knowing that I could make life bright for you, and yet standing coldly aloof. Ah, you wrong me if you thought that!"

"It is best and kindest. If you have my welfare truly at heart you must see this."

"But I do not, cannot see it. I love you, and I am a man of much patience where my feelings are really enlisted. Try me by any test that you will. I have told you that my intentions were most honorable."

For all that the handsome face and strange eyes with an almost evil significance made her shudder.

"Mr. Marchmont," she said, "all this talking is useless and painful to me as well. I can never, never be anything to you. I would sooner return to Dedham and confess my identity."

"That is quite impossible," with a peculiar smile.

"Why?"

She said this with some of the olden spirit that had made Lucy Thorndike piquant. There was a dangerous, half-smothered fire in the dark eyes.

"Because your sister is Warren Thorndike's wife, and the mother of his child. Will you disgrace them both by a fruitless appeal?"

"His child! Their child!"

She sank back in her chair and covered her face with her hands. Not that she had ever thought of asking any mercy from Warren Thorndike, but this would take all power quite out of her hands.

"Yes," he went on in his cool tone that seemed to stab her to the very core of the heart—"you know what that would be. He would legally repudiate you and re-marry her, but the child would be proved illegitimate. And you would be still adrift with the reputation of a discarded wife."

She turned upon him with fiery eyes and burning, scarlet cheeks, every pulse throbbing with indignation.

"Why should you be so anxious to link your fate with a woman whom the world, never very generous, might condemn?"

"Because I love you. Because I would fain shield you from sorrow and trouble."

How many women have been won by just such persistence. She wondered if it were really true. If she, a stray and exile, might be housed in a warm and tender heart. A moment before she had been angry, now gratitude softened every feeling.

"No," she returned suddenly, afraid of yielding to the spell—"this can never be. If you think me distrustful and wary, I have learned it in a hard school. I was grateful to Warren Thorndike for his kindness in trying to make my lot happier, but after I became his wife I found that *love only* could make the duties of such a station endurable. I will not sell my soul again for a mess of pottage."

"You compare us! You place my love on a level with his grovelling fancy or passion."

There was a fine and lofty scorn in this, and his brow was stained with a delicate flush. To compare this gentleman with that boor were indeed a disgrace. And yet she knew that men as refined and high-bred as this one had crushed the joy out of some women's lives none the less surely.

"Pardon me," she returned with unconscious softness. "But the fact still remains—I cannot give you gratitude for love."

"I told you that I would wait. Give me some opportunity for proving my regard."

"I cannot," with a shiver of misgiving. "Your continued visits to me would attract attention, and bring me into a sphere that I have hitherto shunned. Again I beg of you to let me go my way alone."

Her voice sank to an imploring pathos. It would be entertaining to have her plead in that fashion for other favors. He had a great love for authority and power.

"Do not ask such an impossibility."

"Mr. Marchmont, what do you propose?"

He saw that a change had come over her, but he treated it as only a passing mood.

"Wait."

She was girt in as by fire. At every avenue of escape those steady eyes confronted her, until she began to experience a vague alarm.

"Your waiting will be useless."

Then she drew herself up haughtily and glanced from the window to the lawn, never swerving nor allowing herself to be provoked into a reply or touched by his pleading.

He rose at length and came nearer.

"I want to tell you," he said in a low tone, "that it is better to have my love than my hate, to keep me for a friend, instead of converting me into an enemy."

Still the same disdainful smile.

Would she dare him to do his worst? He had seen women brave for a brief while before, but they were generally conquered by a strong fate. Perhaps it would be as well to leave her to her own reflections.

"Adieu," he said loftily. "Think of this and make your choice."

He went slowly out of the room. Lucia Mackenzie sat like one in a spell, her eyes curiously indrawn, her lips firmly set, and the lines about the mouth growing hard. She had dared this man. Farewell to peace, to seclusion, to the drop of prosperity that had fallen into her cup. It was hardly worth while to wait for Mr. Rutherford now; yet, since she had written, courtesy demanded that much.

Vaughan Marchmont fancied that she would essay flight. He managed that both stations should be watched, but Lucia went steadily about her duties. An awful calmness seemed to have fallen upon her, presaging a dangerous storm.

Marchmont learned another fact of importance. Paul Rutherford arrived at Merecombe and went direct to Mrs. Preston's. Lucia loved him! This was the truth, then! He bit his lip over a fearful threat. If he could not rule, he *could* ruin.

Lucia's first anxiety had died away. It was too late for any assistance. The swift current must bear her on to the final wreck, for neither prayer nor hope would avail.

Mr. Rutherford glanced at her in amaze as she entered the room. Some inexplicable change had befallen her, for she appeared to be turning into stone. Even the drooping eyelids were fixed, and the eyes set hard.

"What can have occurred?" he asked anxiously. "I came as soon as was possible after receiving your note. Some danger menaces you."

"Vaughan Marchmont is here," she said under her breath.

He turned pale, and his fingers seemed to make an involuntary movement.

"He has recognized you, then! Your secret is in his hands as well."

"Yes."

They gave each other a long, questioning glance. She felt so helpless, so far at sea that it seemed as if even his strong arm could not save her. If she could only cling to him as one might to a brother.

"Well!" he said. It appeared as if there must be something back of all this.

"He loves me! You were right there when you spoke before."

Her voice was hoarse and her cheek stained with crimson.

"Has he dared—"

"No, let me give him credit for honor, at least," she said with some bitterness. "He has proposed marriage—he is willing to take me with all my legal disabilities, or assist me to liberty."

"You know he could not. You are still Warren Thorndike's wife."

"And he has another wife—my sister, and a child!"

"Yes. He told you this? I would have saved you," with the tenderest pity in his eyes.

He told me. It was my mad, miserable folly, that has brought about this complication.

"He loves you? He wishes to marry you? Liberty is possible, you know. I think Mr. Thorndike will not care to make a change."

He said this softly, as if afraid of paining her.

She came a little closer to him, and looked curiously into his eyes.

"You probably understand what manner of man Mr. Marchmont is. You have seen him in the world, in business matters. He holds something of my destiny in his hands, at least he can make all our lives darker. I would fain befriend Rachel and her child. If I can do this by any sacrifice on my part, God knows it will be a cheerful gift."

Paul Rutherford pressed his hand to his forehead. Had her early regard deepened into any stronger feeling?

"Do you love him?" he asked.

"Love him!" she answered scornfully.

"Thank God!"

"Do not remember that old time against me," she pleaded. "I was young, thoughtless, and I sometimes felt that life was hard to bear. I hated its coarseness, its vapid gossips, its trivial employments. And then he came, a refined and polished gentleman, fresh in all the elegancies of the world and society, well read, entertaining—and such a man was a new study to me. I was left much alone, you know; nay, more, I was thrown upon the mercies of others. I was fascinated, perhaps, but the charm was a passing one. You spoke, and the vision cleared. I saw the perils in my path. In the after dreariness they beset me again, under the guise of friendship—and then I fled from them both, the cold, cruel bond that was goading me to madness, and the other that had ceased to be dangerous."

"I am glad to hear this," he replied, in an earnest tone, "for your sake."

"Yet my going away was a false step."

"Yes. God means us to endure the trials He sends, and not turn away in weak cowardice. You will not marry Vaughan Marchmont then?"

"No. Yet, in refusing him I must prepare for my worst enemy."

"A selfish, unscrupulous man—one to be dreaded, at least."

"Counsel me, advise me;" she pleaded, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes imploringly.

"My poor child, it is hard retracing wrong steps. Every mistake carries with it some downfall of what might have been hope, and brings a sorrowful entail of suffering. I can understand what the temptations were. When I first saw you I felt that your way was set in dangerous places. If I had spoken then!"

It seemed to her if she had only been set right in those days of inexperience, much of her misery might have been saved. And yet she could not blame him. What claim had she upon any stranger?

"It will be best to go back to Dedham," he said, slowly. "They will be warned, at least."

"Not that! not that!" she exclaimed in anguish.

"Will the tidings come more gently from him?"

"But would he dare?—"

"He will dare anything. I think Vaughan Marchmont a villain. I believe Warren Thorndike would have been a tender and more generous husband, but for him. I hold him responsible for much of the trouble that occurred at Dedham—though I reached the place too late to take the business in hand. He was no loser by it—and six months ago he left the town an independent man. Will you let him hold this secret in terror over you—or take off its keenest edge by confessing it yourself?"

She shrank from the ordeal. It would be bitterer than death to face them all again. Why could she not fly? Ah, was there any safety in that?"

Rutherford watched the struggle. He saw the faint red lines of anguish thread their way up her temples, and the pallid lips quivered with pain.

"You will go?" he said, in a slow, decisive way. "Whatever I can do for you, shall be done. You need a true and clear-eyed friend—such as only a brave and tender woman could prove. I believe Mrs. Catherwood such an one. If you will allow me to repeat the story to her!"

"Not now;" she entreated.

"I was at Dedham three months ago. Your father has broken much. Warren Thorndike has aged, and yet the home seems the same except the presence of the child, a little girl. They have called her Lucy."

That touched her keenly. They did not hate her utterly, then!

"I will go;" she said, after a pause.

"When can you be ready?"

"Must it be so soon? A wild terror seemed to creep over her.

"The earlier the better, I think. Mr. Thorndike can take the necessary steps to legalize his marriage—and you will no longer need to hide in secret. It will be a painful task, yet—courage!"

Something in the tone roused and inspirited. Far apart as they must always stand, she could still pay him the meed of gratitude and respect.

"I must return to-morrow," he began. "The elder Mrs. Catherwood goes to the city with me. If you would accompany us—?"

He was right in one thing—nothing could be gained by delay except additional suffering.

"Yes;" she assented, faintly.

"Let me win a friend for you in Mrs. Catherwood."

"If you can;" she answered with some bitterness. "It seems as if the hand of every woman would be forever against me; because my burthen was heavier than I could bear."

"To-morrow, then. Your after life must in some degree be shaped by the result of the coming interview. You can make no plans until that is over."

He had a strange hope for her that he dared not put in words. Could Mr. Garth's heart be implacable to the last?

"We shall start early. The carriage had better come for you."

Lucia acquiesced. She made no effort to detain him after that—and their farewell words were simply said. This part of the way lay straight before her.

She made a few explanations to Mrs. Preston, and then began her preparations. In the midst of these, she was interrupted by a call from Mr. Marchmont.

Lucia Mackenzie entered the room quite prepared for the contest. He read this in her proud, steady face, and bit his lips hard under cover of his moustache.

"Your secret it seems is a secret no longer;" he said, with a touch of scorn. "Have you taken Mr. Rutherford into counsel?"

"I believe I am not accountable to you for my acts;" she returned with quiet dignity.

"The truth is no mystery I suppose. Paul Rutherford has become my rival. Shall I congratulate you?"

A sardonic smile crossed his countenance.

"Mr. Marchmont," she said, "let us come to a final understanding. That Mr. Rutherford has befriended me, I will not deny; but you may spare your sneers. In a few months he is to marry Mrs. Catherwood's granddaughter, to whom he has been engaged for some time. Probably he will never cross my orbit again, for I shall leave Merecombe. To-morrow I am going back to Dedham."

"No, you cannot," he began eagerly. "Take that step at your peril!"

"You dare to threaten me?"

"I will tell you a secret that *you* have forced from my lips. I was absent when you left Dedham; and on my return, Warren Thorndike accused me of spiriting away his wife, confessing that he knew she cared for me!"

If he expected this to cower her, he was mistaken. She saw plainly now that he would scruple at nothing to attain his end, and she began to hate, more than she feared.

"I can disprove all this;" she answered, undaunted. "Every week of my life, since the day of my departure from Dedham, can be accounted for. I have been in the hands of friends, who will stand by me to the last."

His final card, then, had proved a failure. He understood now that she was finally lost to him; and as she stood there in her pride and courageous loveliness, he longed to crush, to destroy.

"You love this Paul Rutherford;" he declared madly.

"Do I?"

She turned her face full upon him. Calm amid all the stress of trouble, the currents of fiery blood held in check by the high soul that at this crisis saved itself, and the man whose fair name was as dear to her. No torture could have wrested that from her.

He could not stab her there. He was powerless, worsted—where a week ago he had felt master of the situation. But if she was beyond his reach, Rutherford might not be.

"It is my desire that this shall prove our last interview," she said. "Henceforward we are strangers."

With that she swept regally out of the room, leaving him amazed and angry, but his moods were no longer a matter of consideration for her. She looked steadily forward to the new path, resolved not to swerve, though every nerve shrank from the coming trial.

She did not take a final leave of Mrs. Preston, although she felt there was a small prospect of her ever returning to Merecombe. A note was written for Mr. Wilmer—full of gratitude for past kindnesses.

The Catherwood carriage came for her. Mr. Rutherford handed her in with his usual grave courtesy; and Mrs. Catherwood gave the trembling hand a soft pressure. For an instant their eyes met. Those of the elder said that Lucia Mackenzie had found a lenient judge, whether it was the result of her warm heart or the manner in which the story had been related. There was not much opportunity for conversation, but the few sentences exchanged were most reassuring.

"My child," she said, "you might have told me your story before. No counsel perhaps is so reliable as a mother's—and this it seems you have missed all your life. I know how to sympathize with you."

She begged Lucia to promise before they parted, that she would not only keep her informed of events, but in any strait apply to her at once.

"It will be necessary to begin an entirely new life," Lucia said. "I cannot return to Merecombe, and have an air of unexplained mystery hanging about me."

"I have already thought of this. A friend of mine is going abroad in the course of a few months and would like to have a governess for her daughter. If nothing better offers this can remain open to you."

"Thank you," Lucia responded with deep gratitude.

Now and then she stole a look at Paul Rutherford's face. Were there some lines of secret dissatisfaction? She shivered at the fate that lay before him, and yet she could not warn. Were all best purposes crossed and thwarted, noble hearts wrung with pangs of keenest anguish? Who was happy in this dreary world?

It was mid-afternoon when they parted. She would reach Dedham late that evening though, she preferred to go alone.

Mr. Rutherford walked across the platform with her. A few earnest, heartfelt wishes, a hope that this step might be the wisest she could have taken, and then he passed with a strange, wistful glance.

NATIVE SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN CEYLON.

The above is a picture of one of the curious bridges made by the natives of Ceylon. It is formed of the cable-ratan cane, which is sometimes found as long as from 200 to 300 feet in length. The ladder leading up to the bridge is made of pieces of cane tied together by creeping plants. The natives of Ceylon are very ingenious.

She uttered her farewell. Then she came back a step, impelled by a peculiar power.

"You are to marry Miss Sturtevant," she said in a low, hurried tone. "Oh, be sure of this one thing—that she loves you with every fibre of brain and soul. It is a woman's only safeguard, a man's only hope!"

He seated her and returned to Mrs. Catherwood, quite disinclined for conversation. Was it a wail of Lucia's sad life in the words, or some subtle fear that had more than once shadowed his own fancies?

Lucia settled herself in her seat. Mr. Rutherford had provided her with some papers, but she did not care to read. She must summon all her strength for the coming trial. A few sharp pangs, much keen censure, and perhaps fierce upbraiding, a rending of the ties that bound her to kith and kin, but with it all unquestioned freedom. No secret to weigh down her life.

Straightly, swiftly she was borne. No windings and doublings in this course as there had been at her departure. No culprit fear of detection, that was over. Henceforward the simplest truth was to guard her life. She had wrought misery enough with her one impatient, lawless step.

The afternoon waned. Down the sloping skies dropped the sun. Purple twilight gathered at the edges of the woods, and the long line of gold melted into rose color. Familiar stations began to greet her. Nearer, nearer to fate—what had it in store for her?

CHAPTER XXV.

GOING BACK.

The south wind blew up sweeps of fragrance from the low-lying meadow lands, and the sky overhead thinned into tintless space. The far-off woods threw weird outlines against the sea of pale gold in the west, and the insects began their evening hymns. Lucia Mackenzie had dropped her brown travelling veil long before she reached the station, and though her heart beat suffocatingly at every stray glance no one gave her a more than casual notice.

She turned into the high road that skirted the town, though it was much changed. The hills looked lower, the woods dwarfed, the great factories were shrouded in twilight, and the tall chimneys were mere points. She threaded her way quickly, turning her head now and then as if some weird phantom followed fast upon her steps. The slightest rustle made her shiver and her pulses beat in great throbs.

Only one turn was necessary. The narrow lane had become a populous street, but the faces were nearly all new. Warren Thorndike's predictions bid fair to be realized. She paused and glanced furtively across the open space. There was the old brown cottage with its sloping roof. She could see the chamber window, the scene of many a smothered mutiny or despairing wail against fate. It seemed ages since Lucy Garth stood there envying the very swallows that twittered around the eaves.

The straight path up the small courtyard, the open door with its dusky background, and a bowed figure sitting on the step. She knew that well. So he had sat one summer night years ago.

Her limbs trembled with a strange terror. Flashes of burning heat shivered through her veins at one moment, and the next she seemed drenched in a sea of fire. Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and her lips stiffened like the coming of death. Could she go on?

Pausing at the gate and fumbling around the latch with unsteady hands startled Mr. Garth. He glanced up, but did not move.

Lucia came nearer with uncertain steps. The prim garden looked chill and forbidding, and the one lamp on the dining-table threw a sickly ray in the hall. She saw the worn and aged face, the outlines softened, the mouth less set and stern, and the eyes with a kind of frightened, piteous appeal. In an instant she was on the step beside him, clasping his knees and covering the thin hands with kisses.

"Father! father! It is Lucy come back! Oh, if you have any lingering love, any pity or tenderness, bestow it upon me now! Your sorrowful, repentant Lucy, whom you have all thought dead!"

He looked at her in amaze, raising the tearful face and studying it in a vague way. Not shocked as she supposed he would be, and then another terror seized her. What if the once strong mind wavered in the balance?

"Lucy!" he repeated mechanically.—"Lucy was drowned, you know. They brought her home, and she is buried in the churchyard."

"No, it was a mistake. Look at me, father!"

She threw aside her hat and mantle and faced the flickering ray of light.

"My God!" he exclaimed in wild affright. "It is Lucia Mackenzie!"

"Your own Lucy, father. Do not cast her out of your heart. Weak, willful, and yet repentant. Oh, shall man be more severe than God? I think I must have been beside myself when I went away, but I have come back to tell the truth for all our sakes."

Her vehemence stirred the slow pulses of the old man.

"It is like Lucy's voice," he said wanderingly. "It is Lucy's golden hair and fair face. God must have made her beautiful, but it was a snare to the child. Yes, I am quite sure that she is dead."

"Where is Rachel—my sister?" she asked in despair.

"Rachel? Rachel is dead, too, you know. Her little girl is up-stairs asleep."

Mr. Garth studied the face before him attentively. He threaded the soft hair with his fingers until the tumbled ends began to curl; he touched the fair cheek and looked into the deep, tremulous eyes, swimming in waves of tears.

"Rachel dead? Oh no, you are mistaken."

"Come and see her child. It is all I have now."

He took the lamp and led the way. Feeble, faltering steps, and the arm shaking so that she feared for the safety of the light.

"She is in here. I called her Lucy for the one we lost, and because her hair was pale gold. You won't take her away?" piteously.

"Oh no, no." Her tears were falling fast now. She had come too late!

A miniature face, white and thin, and with that grown-up, wise look that you sometimes see on the countenances of those early familiarized with care—sweet withal, the scarlet lips parted into a half smile, and the small chin cleft with a dimple.

"My darling," he murmured, toying with the scanty locks of hair cropped close. "The one treasure left me."

The child moved uneasily, the light full in her eyes, partially rousing her.

A great wave of pain and apprehension

stole over Lucia. The house was so deathly quiet, and the very air seemed filled with phantoms. Was Rachel indeed gone?

The child opened its eyes. "Grandfather!" exclaimed the small voice with precise accent. "Oh, grandfather, who is this?"

"Child," Lucia said hurriedly, "where is your mother?"

"Mother is dead," she answered solemnly. "Grandfather, didn't you tell this lady that they took mother away in a box—to heaven?"

It was true, then! Lucia sank by the side of the bed, overwhelmed. Rachel was spared that pain.

"Who is it, grandfather?"

"*His* child—your aunt Lucy."

Mr. Garth placed the lamp upon the table, and then looked at her wonderingly.

Oh, would no one ever acknowledge her again!

A step came stumbling up the stairs, and it seemed to rasp every nerve in her body. She rose, summoning all her strength.

Warren Thorndike confronted her in the door-way. A hard, pitiless face, quite changed since the time she had thought him a hero.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "Does the grave give up its dead? Lucy Thorndike! or is it some accursed phantom?"

Mr. Garth started at the name, and a gleam of recognition shot into his dim eyes.

"So you thought you would come!" Thorndike said tauntingly. "But I tell you it is too late, even if *she* is dead. I am beginning to prosper again, and no woman's extravagance shall ruin me this time!"

A sordid light shone in the small, eager eyes. Money had become his God.

She made a gesture of such supreme contempt that it penetrated even his dull brain.

"I ask nothing of you, Warren Thorndike," she answered in an icily clear tone. "I came because an enemy had invaded the secrecy with which I had chosen to surround myself. I did not know until then that Rachel was your wife, but for her sake, and your child's sake, I preferred that you should hear the story from me, rather than from one who might use it for his own selfish purposes. I will admit that I have forfeited all claim upon your consideration, and will never oppose any effort that you may make for legal freedom. If my father desires, I will go again into exile."

Mr. Garth came nearer. He seized her arm and gave a low cry, a sound that touched her to the depths of the soul.

"She is mine!" he exclaimed, "my child. We were both hard upon her in those old days, but you have no right to her, Thorndike! She is mine!"

And hearing these blessed words of ownership, Lucia fell sobbing into her father's arms.

"I don't want her," declared Thorndike gruffly. "She was always too fine a lady for me. I know she laughed in secret over my ways, that were different from her grand friends. She cared only for my money, but she'll never get a penny of that!"

"She shall have enough," said Mr. Garth tremulously. "My child! my child!"

Lucy's clasp tightened. A thanksgiving went up from her full soul. To be received gladly by any human being was a luxury now.

"You remember me!" she whispered. "Take me back to your heart, and I will be your child indeed. God has been merciful to us both."

"It seems sometimes as if I had lost the way," he went on in a wandering tone, "and then He leads, Lucy. I don't trouble myself now. When you went away you kissed me—do you remember, child? Kiss me again, that I may know it is you."

She kissed the soft, withered lips not once, but many times, and their tears mingled together. He was much agitated and trembled like a leaf, so she drew him to the chintz covered lounge.

Warren Thorndike went to his own room. The child crept out of bed and climbed on her grandfather's knee.

"You are the beautiful Aunt Lucy in the picture," she said wonderingly. "Mother told me it was wicked to be beautiful, but you are not wicked, are you?"

"I am trying to be good," Lucy said in strange awe of those large questioning eyes.

"Will you stay here?"

"She is to stay here. And her name is Lucia."

"Father!"

For his own free use of that term made her cling more tenderly to him.

"It was your mother's wish, child. You looked so fearfully like her as you stood in the hall. She loved me once—I can't remember all, but I feel as if I had been shut in prison. God forgive my hardness to her! I thought it a duty when she rebelled—for she was high-spirited and refused to listen to admonition. I meant to do right. Will you stay with me and teach me? We all wander into forbidden paths—heaven help us!"

How changed, how broken! She had not come a day too soon.

"When did Rachel die?" she asked in a low, awesome tone, for the fact had seemed at first simply incredible.

"Last week. The place is dreary and lonesome, my darling. We will go away and begin a new life—you, I, and the child. Are you cold, little one?"

"Not here, grandfather. Aunt Lucia's arm is around me."

There was something painful in this precision. The freedom and carelessness of childhood had been sternly repressed.

"Was she ill long?" Lucia continued, thinking of Rachel and the strange mystery attending death.

"She was never sick, nor complained, but just drooped after the little one was born. I believe she never took kindly to the child. And so it went on, but she would not spare herself. They wanted to be richer and richer. And then one day she fainted at her sweeping, and they brought her to her room. She never went out of it again until she was carried."

"Oh, father! And did she not soften at the last?"

"She was peculiar, you know. I used to take great pride in her, but somehow—and after you went away—"

Lucia understood the end; sad for any human life. She gave Rachel the tenderest and profoundest pity. There was a strange yearning in her heart to call back her sister and brighten the lost years with love.

Alas! Are there some natures fatally endowed with rigid strength that refuses alike sympathy and affection? It seems so. Rachel Garth died as she had lived, and God, who is the Judge, knew best what measure was to be meted unto her. Perhaps in that lovelier clime its lost birthright came back to the poor warped soul, that with all its worldly wealth had suffered from starvation and indigence. The narrow creed melted in that endless day where all is warmth and beauty. God in His mercy took account of the good deeds that were hindered and straitened by the darkness in which her soul had existed.

"Why did you go away, child?" Mr. Garth asked presently.

"Because I was wayward and rash. I thought I could not bear the burthen laid upon me."

"I remember it all now. You were so different. In those old days I tried to bend you to my will, and there was war between us."

"But it is ended now."

She nestled closer to him. Love was sweet at this late dawn, even if its current was weak and wandering.

"Yes. You will not leave me again? I am not the strong man I used to be, Lucia."

It was curious that he should cling to that long unspoken name.

"Where did you go?" he asked suddenly. "Were you with friends?"

"I found them—kind, generous friends. I have been in no want, no trouble."

Then she related all that had befallen her. The child listened awhile and presently fell asleep in the encircling arms. The late moon stole in the window, telling that it was near midnight.

"You will sleep here with *her*," he said. "She seldom goes out of my sight now. Poor baby!"

He kissed the sleeping child tenderly. Lucia could hardly believe the change that had come over him. In the dullness of the brain the heart had grown more clear and tender.

She carried little Lucy back to bed. Her father watched her wistfully.

"It's like a dream—your coming back. Sometimes I've sat out there on the door-stone and listened for your step. All they cared for, you know, was money—night and morning, working and striving. I used to be like them, but it's all been different since you went away."

"There is something better and higher than gold," she said, laying her bright young cheek beside the one so wan and wrinkled.

"Good-night, child."

She seemed almost afraid to let him go.

Even after he had reached the door he turned back and glanced furtively around with an air of mystery.

"Lucia"—in a whisper—"you belong to me, you know. Now that Rachel is dead—he may think—but you won't go back to him?" piteously.

"No! no! a thousand times no! Nothing shall ever separate us."

She smiled with clear, fervent eyes, and he took the expression with him as a ray of vivifying sunrise.

Lucia had no thought of sleep—weary as she was. She flung herself on her knees beside the bed, and though her prayer was broken by sobs and tears, and uttered in fragments, it was none the less acceptable to the God who listens to the weakest of his children.

She was thankful to be at home once more. Her duty was here. This poor father depended on some one for love and care, perhaps to grow more wandering and feeble as the years went on, and baby Lucy—if Warren Thorndike should not take her away in a moment of petty spite. She studied the pale little face that looked as if it might be sculptured in marble, it was so still and repressed; and yet with a certain rare beauty that appealed to her more powerfully than mere material perfection.

The morning dawned upon her vigil. The old sounds and sight of Dedham began. Columns of smoke from the tall chimneys, the whirr of machinery being set in motion, shrill whistles and the clang of busy hammers. It all served to bring her to herself. She bathed her face and brushed her disordered hair, when Lucy woke and claimed her attention, though the child's deft fingers worked marvels with buttons and strings. There was a low tap at the door.

"It is grandfather."

In this clear morning light, she could see the change time had wrought in him. Her heart smote her bitterly for past neglect and lack of tender love. Ah, if her whole life might make amends!

They went down to breakfast together. Mr. Thorndike had gone. Since Rachel's death the regular habits of the house had been sadly broken in upon. Martha, the rather bright and flippant maid-servant, eyed the new comer with the most complete astonishment. She had been off gossiping the night before, and knew nothing of the arrival.

When questioned, Lucy replied sharply—

"It is my Aunt Lucia, who came last night."

Mr. Thorndike had been considering the strange aspect of affairs with much doubt and misgiving. To him it seemed a most probable event that Lucia would insist upon being restored to her rights, since she had some legal claim upon him. The man had grown so close and miserly, that a few hundreds were like untold treasures to him. And he held for Lucia a narrow, grudging hate, as if in some way she had wronged him out of precious years and precious gold.

A dozen different resolves had passed through his mind—and he came home at noon, determined that the matter should be speedily settled, especially as he was to be absent the next few days upon business.

Lucia had been considering the same subject. It would be quite impossible to resume pleasant family relations in such an incongruous household. If she could persuade her father to go away to some quiet spot—and if Mr. Thorndike would confide to them the care of the child!

She had again related her story to her father, listened in return to her supposed burial, and all that occurred during her absence, though the years at Dedham had not proved eventful. Lucy clung to her in wondering awe—the fact that grandfather loved the stranger was sufficient for her small brain.

Warren Thorndike opened the subject. He had not been famous for delicacy in the old days, and coarseness had grown upon him. But he found a different opponent from the one of his imagination.

There flashed in Lucia's face a touch of high spirit and dignity.

"I ask nothing from you," she made answer, in a clear, decisive tone, "unless you desire to give me freedom—and even that is of but small importance. As for your fortune, leave it all to your child. Not one dollar of it would I ever accept.

He felt now, as he had so many times before, that in some inexplicable way she *was* superior to him. He would have liked better, after all, to see her a supplicant, and refuse her, and he could not restrain his overbearing temper.

Once she might have replied to such a tirade—but now she listened in silent scorn. For her father's sake, he should not rouse her into passion.

Warren Thorndike marched out of the house in a blustering rage. He bethought himself that he could stab them both through his child.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

The Seventh Son.

Not the least curious among these associations of Number Seven is that with the seventh son. Whoever has the good fortune to be the father of seven boys, especially if no girl intervene to break the continuity of the series, is to be congratulated forthwith. Let him not talk about too many olive branches in his garden, or too many arrows in his quiver, or too many little folks around his table; his seventh boy will be a wonder. In the district around Orleans in France, a seventh son, without a daughter intervening, is called a maroon. His body is (or is supposed by the peasantry to be) marked in some spot or other with a fleur-de-lis. If a patient suffering under king's-evil touch the fleur-de-lis, or if the maroon breathe upon him, the malady disappears. Or at least there is so great a popular faith that it will do so, that the country people will come from places far and wide to visit a maroon.

About fifteen years ago, there was one of these persons named Foulon, a cooper, at Ormes, who was greatly sought for his reputed healing powers, especially in Holy Week, and more especially on Good Friday, when his patients reached the number of four or five hundred. As to the origin of the name king's-evil, a manuscript in the University library at Cambridge, tells us that "The Kings of England and Fraunce by a peculiar guift cure the king's-evill by touching them with their hands; and so doth the seaventh sonne." It is something to say that a seventh son, in this matter, is as good as a king. Mr. Keightley has found among the Welsh folk-lore, an account of a family famous in this way. "Jones was their name, and they lived at a place called Muddfi. In them was said to have originated the tradition of the seventh son, or Septimus, being born for the healing art: as for many generations seven sons were regularly born in each family, the seventh of whom became the doctor, and wonderful in his profession." Steele jested at this belief a century and a half ago, in sarcastic relation to another of the troubles with which men are occasionally visited:—"Tipstaff, being a seventh son, used to cure the king's evil—but his rascally descendants are so far from having that healing quality, that by a touch upon the shoulder they gave a man such an ill habit of body, that he can never come abroad afterwards."

But if there happen to be a seventh son of a seventh son, the curative powers are much more marvellous. Mr. Carleton, in his story of the Black Prophet, says that the Irish peasantry entertain a very undoubting faith in the reality of these powers. In Cornwall the belief is, in like manner, entertained; the ordeal being that the gifted person should thrice gently stroke the part affected, thrice blow on it, and repeat certain words. At Bristol, some years ago, a tradesman was regularly called Dr. So-and-so simply because he was the seventh son, and without any relation to his actual trade. Early in the present century, a man perambulated the rural districts of Hampshire to cure the blind, the sick, and the lame. Numerous cures were ascribed to him, and he had quite a large collection of crutches and walking-sticks, said to have been left by his patients, who had no longer any need for them. How much was deception, and how much due to the implicit faith placed in him by the ignorant, it might have been difficult to decide; but he was held in much awe and respect on account of his claim to be the seventh son of a seventh son. At Plymouth, not very long ago, was to be seen this inscription on a board:

A. SHEPHERD,
The third seventh daughter,
Doctress.

A Yorkshire lad at a school was purposely intended to study afterwards for the medical profession, because as he told his schoolfellows, "The seventh of the seventh makes the bigg'st o' doctors." Another story is told of an Irish lad, who, as an errand-boy, was frequently censured for being late in his arrival, and dilatory when on his errands. His excuse on one occasion took the following form:—"I'm sure I wouldn't help it, sir, I'm sure I wouldn't. I've only bin on an act o' mercy. Ye see, sir, I'm a seventh of a seventh, an' I touches for sickness, sir, an' I've been to two childer this more, sir, a long way." It appeared that he had to touch, fasting, in order that his wonderful properties should be developed; and his palm was crossed by a piece of silver varying in value from a fourpenny piece to half a crown, according to the social position of his patients.—*All the Year Round.*

☞ The lady broken of New York, have ceased to be a sensation. They have taken fine rooms in Park Row, and fitted them up for editorial and publishing purposes; and are about to issue a newspaper, in which the claims of Mrs. Woodhull to the Presidency, are especially to be urged. The banking business has not amounted to much. It is evident these ladies will never die of modesty.

☞ In the Southern Baptist Convention at Louisville, a report against co-operation with the Northern Baptists was adopted unanimously. The Convention has adjourned to meet at St. Louis next year.

☞ Somebody (query, Mr. O'Connor?) is writing a series of letters to a Washington Sunday newspaper to prove that Shakspeare did not write "Shakspeare," but that finding a mass of MSS. plays stowed away in the theatre to which he was attached, he simply went over them, revised them, and prepared them for the stage. The writer thinks he placed little value upon these productions, and put them together simply to fill the public demand for novelty, and that it was far from his thoughts that they would go down to posterity.

☞ It is reported that the Central Pacific Railroad has purchased the California Pacific Railroad for $3,000,000.

☞ Robert Hall, when asked how many sermons a preacher can conveniently prepare in a week, replied, "If he is a man of pre-eminent ability, one; if he is a man of ordinary ability, two; if he is an ass, six."

☞ Bishop Thompson says he saw in India, a religious devotee sitting cross-legged on sharp stones, who had sat there for seven years, under the belief that mental and physical suffering would improve his spiritual condition.

☞ CAUSE OF WEAKNESS.—A milkman accounted for the weakness of his milk by saying that the cows got caught in the rain.

A Remarkable Community in Iowa.

TWENTY YEARS IN SILENCE.

The Chicago Journal has the following:—

MONASTERY OF NEW MILLERAY,
Twelve Miles Southwest from
DUBUQUE, IOWA, April 20th, 1870.

On one of the highest of the Mississippi bluffs, solitary, isolated, and at this season of the year unattractive—off from any direct road—I have found one of the strangest of American institutions, the "Christian Brothers," or the Monastery of New Milleray.

Brother Sebastian, whom we met in the reception-room, served the wine and retired, when Father Bernard informed us that their association, or brotherhood, was organized thirty-one years ago. It was a chartered company; everything was owned in common. There were at this time some seventy members—all males. About three-fourths of these were lay members: the balance belonged to the priestly or divine office—the whole under the charge of the Father Superior. They own nearly four thousand acres of land; two thousand of this is in one body adjoining the Monastery. Their principal business is raising, buying, and selling cattle. They have at this time several thousand head feeding. We also saw some very fine blooded stock, which have taken a number of premiums at the different state fairs where they have been exhibited. We also saw quite a number of Durham calves, which they were selling at $250 each. They have also a large number of sheep and hogs.

Their

DAILY LIFE

Is as follows: At 2 A. M., the bell rings for rising, when every one who is able is expected to get up and repair to the chapel, where the balance of the night until daylight is spent in prayer. At daylight breakfast is served, which consists of bread, butter, cheese, and coffee. After breakfast each one goes about his duties—most of them to work about the farm—the balance attend to the baking, cooking, washing, sewing, scrubbing, and other household duties. Every one, be he priest or layman, is expected to do some manual labor every day. No idlers or loafers are allowed about the establishment. At noon dinner is served, consisting of bread, cheese, vegetables, and water. During each meal one of the priests reads from the Bible or some other spiritual book, and not a word is spoken by any one else. After dinner to work again, until six o'clock in the afternoon, when supper is served, which is as simple as breakfast. An hour is again spent in prayer and devotion, when the bell again rings, and all retire for the night to the dormitory in the second story, where cots are arranged in one room to accommodate the entire household. Thus wears away the life of this strange people. A few are still here who assisted in the organization thirty-one years ago, and quite a number who have lived here for twenty years.

Their religious belief is Roman Catholic. A majority of the brothers are either native or American-born Irishmen, the balance being Germans.

THEY COMMENCED VERY POOR,

and by frugality and industry have accumulated quite a large capital. They are now building the finest monastery in the country. It is of brown stone, two stories high, with a basement, in the form of a hollow square, each wing or side being 300 feet long. Their doors are open to all *men* (not women) under certain restrictions.

MARRIAGE IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN,

and women are not allowed in their places of worship under any circumstances. If they call at the reception-room they will be treated well, but will not be shown through the establishment. If you wish to join the "Brothers," you must, of course, espouse the religion of their Church. Then you can stay with them, free of expense, for two years, doing your share of the work, during which time you are to decide whether you can be satisfied to remain with them during life or not. At the end of two years you are required to take upon yourself the vow of abstinence; that is, to abstain during the balance of your life from all the luxuries of life, and live on the plainest necessaries—also the vow of chastity; that is, never to marry. In three years more, if you prove faithful and wish to attain to the highest spiritual life, you can take upon yourself the

VOW OF SILENCE

—never to speak aloud. This seems strangest of all, but I was assured by Father Bernard that a majority of the Brothers had not spoken aloud for years. A number had kept their vow for twenty years. Of course the Father Superior and those of the "divine office," Brother Murphy, who is the business manager, and the novices, speak, but the balance have their lips sealed for life. Only three, I think he said, were allowed to read the newspapers or any book except such as are furnished by the church, and are of a spiritual character—the object being to engross their time, as far as possible, with spiritual thoughts, and, as they do not mix at all with the outer world, they are almost completely isolated from the rest of mankind, and know little more of what is going on outside the monastery than if they were in the moon. The price of gold, Presidential campaigns, the financial state of our Government, &c., are matters of no concern to them. In fact, they are entirely ignorant of the affairs that interest other people.

It is said

NO CONTENTIONS

ever arise among them. All seem contented and industrious, and go about their duties willingly, and seem oblivious to all else about them.

"And what do you expect to gain by this seclusion and self-martyrdom?" I asked Father Bernard.

"We are fitting ourselves for a higher, holier, and wider spiritual sphere in that great hereafter to which we are all hastening," he replied.

"But do you not think that our Protestant Christians, who marry and enjoy some of the luxuries of life, will get to heaven?"

"We cannot answer for other people, but I do not see how any one can attain to very high spiritual perfection who makes no sacrifices for his religion. Your ministers enjoy all there is of life. Many indulge their passions and appetites, and are wholly unfit to teach spiritual things."

Brother Sebastian now entered the little room where we were sitting, with our supper—bread, cheese, butter, and tea—excusing himself for not asking us to eat with the Brothers, as that is never done. Both then retiring, we ate our supper solitary and alone in that small dismal room, and tried to imagine how a lifetime spent in that way would suit us. This may suit Father Bernard and the balance of his brethren, but for us, we would rather be excused.

THE QUIETNESS OF THE GRAVE

pervaded the place. The lights of the establishment were extinguished, and I began to wish that Brother Sebastian or some one else would return. It was a few minutes past 7, and the entire household had gone to bed. My supper over, I repaired to my room adjoining, which had previously been pointed out to me, and found here the same simplicity that I saw elsewhere about the house. Silently I disrobed and retired between immaculate sheets, but I must confess that my eyelids refused to perform their accustomed office, and for a long time I pondered on what I had just seen and heard. For to one accustomed to city life, there was something passing strange in this way of living, stranger still to hear them say that they are perfectly happy. After a short doze I was awakened by the bell ringing at 2 o'clock in the morning for rising, and soon after followed the sound of the pattering of the brother's feet, going from the dormitory to the chapel. Then all was silence until daybreak, when they came out from their devotion for breakfast. My breakfast was served in the little room, and after a walk about the premises, I was invited into their chapel to mass. The ceremony did not differ from what can be seen in any Catholic church. In going out I lost my way, and noticing a brother not a great way down the hall, I asked him to direct me out. Not a word could I get from him! Another came along, and I repeated the request to him, but he was deaf to my distress, but did condescend to point toward the hall that led into the reception-room, which I took, and found my way out. The horses being ready, we bade them good-bye and started back.

A GENTLEMAN, while walking with two ladies through one of the principal streets of Liverpool, saw a beggar approach. One of the ladies, who had evidently seen the mendicant before, said, "This is the most singular man I ever heard of. No matter how much money you give him, he always returns the change, and never keeps more than a penny." "Why, what a fool he must be!" remarked the gentleman. "But I'll try him, and put him to a little trouble." So saying, the gentleman drew from his pocket a sovereign, which he dropped into the beggar's hat. The mendicant turned the coin over two or three times, examined it closely, and then, raising his eyes to the countenance of the benevolent man, said, "Well, I'll not adhere to my usual custom in this case. I'll keep it all this time; but don't do it again." The donor opened his eyes in astonishment and passed on, while the ladies smiled with delight.

☞ BLEEDING FROM THE NOSE.—Bleeding from the nose is always regarded as an unwelcome event, yet, in the opinion of Dr. Hall, it always is beneficial, preventing headache or more serious illness, and sometimes arresting apoplexy and sudden death. Therefore it should not be immediately arrested. When the nose threatens to bleed excessively, it can sometimes be arrested by putting the feet into hot water, or by applying a mustard plaster between the shoulders.

☞ LATE DINNERS AND SUPPERS.—It is said that the reason American girls fade so early and have such poor complexions naturally, is because they eat late dinners and suppers. An old Spanish proverb says in reference to this fact: "A little breakfast is enough; enough dinner is but little; a little supper is too much." But a hearty breakfast is a good thing.

☞ An Indiana paper reports that a young lady in that state was recently licensed to marry two gentlemen, and adds that she made only one happy. The paper does not state which one that was—but it must have been the one she did not marry.

☞ One of the reigning belles of New York was heard to remark that she did not think it compensated one to go to parties and be introduced to a lot of small boys, who should be accompanied by their nurses, as they did not know how to behave at the supper-table.

☞ NEW ORIGIN FOR BALDNESS.—A poet, who is prematurely bald, excuses it in this ingenious and complimentary style:—"Baldness," he says, "is only a proof of politeness paid to the beautiful sex. Is it not the duty of a gentleman always to uncover his head in the presence of ladies?"

☞ The Hudson River was called by its discoverer, "The Great River of the Mountains." Subsequently it was styled "The Nassau," after the reigning family of Holland; then "The Mauritius," from Prince Maurice. Later, this beautiful stream was called the "North River," in distinction from the Delaware, known among the Dutch as the "South River." It was not until after 1664 that the name Hudson was given by the English. Many curious names were applied to it by the Indians who lived upon its banks.

☞ Four persons—two adults and two children—were killed a few days ago in Ballard County, Kentucky, by one fatal meal. A ham had been purchased of which they all partook freely in a raw state. Soon after they exhibited alarming symptoms, and the physicians called could give no relief. In the course of two or three days they all died, in consequence, it is believed, of the trichina contained in the pork.

☞ The Female Suffrage Bill has been defeated in the English House of Commons by 126 majority. It was a bill to give the suffrage to *unmarried* women possessing the usual qualifications. Married women were not alluded to in the bill.

☞ It is generally believed that "you cannot get blood out of a stone." How then do you account for the fact that so many marbles are full of veins?

☞ Imprisonment for debt has been abolished in England.

☞ "Spring's delights are now returning," as the lady said, when she turned her light silk for the third time.

☞ In the trial of McFarland, at New York, the jury after three hours' deliberation rendered a verdict of not guilty.

☞ Paraguay has fifty women for each man. Why not move Utah down there?

☞ The Prairie Farmer says fence posts covered with boiled oil, thickened with pulverized charcoal, will last longer than iron.

☞ A sable sovereign of Texas, when reproved for his polygamy, replied: "Why, hi! I hasn't got but four 'mendments yet, and de law openly 'lows de colored man fifteen!"

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ The Viceroy of Egypt has invited Louisa Muhlback to spend six months on the banks of the Nile and write a novel about the Pharaohs. She might make a neat thing out of it—say old Rameses the First.

☞ We do not believe the statement that the Empress Eugenie pays her hair-dresser a stipend of $10,000 a year merely to fix up her chignons.

"Turn them to shapes, and give to 'hairy' nothing
A local habitation and a name."

☞ An Illinoisan has become the fifth husband of a woman, just to see what effect it would have on him, as he has heard that her first husband ran away, that the second hung himself, the third shot himself, and the fourth drowned himself.

☞ A PROBLEM SOLVED.—The other day Molecule propounded the following to Atom:—"A boy said to a gentleman, 'My father and mother have a daughter, but she is not my sister.' Now how do you explain that?" Atom reflected, but all in vain. To his every suggestion Molecule replied by a mild but decided negative. At length Atom was forced to give it up. "Why, it's simple enough," said Molecule, with an exasperating smile; "the boy lied!"

☞ A countryman of Hans Breitmann, who is afflicted with a drunken wife, classically remarks that "Hell has no fury like a womans corned."

☞ The Cleveland Herald thinks the marriage service should be changed to read: "Who dares take this woman?" And the groom shall answer, "I dare."

☞ A German, being required to give a receipt in full, after much mental effort produced the following: "I ish full. I wants no more munish. *John Swachammer.*"

☞ The late Bishop of Manchester disinherited his eldest daughter:—"This I do not in anger," he said in his will, "but because I hold it a duty not to let such conduct as hers and the person she married prove successful." She married a clergyman (said to be poor but worthy) against the Bishop's consent.

☞ Two centuries ago not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not a boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not a girl in a thousand made a waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this age!

☞ Emerson says:—"Our nineteenth century is the age of fools." Another says: "There are no more fools, but they have greater power given them than formerly." But this proves that even the wise are greater fools than they used to be.

☞ A Virginia paper gives a strange account of a man at Norfolk, who has applied, it is said, to the state authorities to be decitizenized, and then he intends to go to England, and after a sufficient apology for the rebellion of his ancestors in 1776, will ask to be restored to the condition of a British subject. He is said to be a man of wealth.

☞ LIFE IN CHICAGO.—Young Miss—"Who is that lady that just bowed to you, Dolphie; a relation?"

Master Dolphie—"Ah, I believe she is related by marriage; in fact I believe she used to be one of my stepmothers, but I haven't seen her around the house lately, and I guess the old man must have made another change."

☞ The greatest degree of cold ever produced is 257 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit), which was obtained by Natterir, of Vienna, in the attempt to liquefy oxygen and hydrogen gas. This inconceivably intense cold was caused by allowing liquefied laughing gas to suddenly expand to its normal condition. Even at the low temperature, and under the pressure of 3,000 atmospheres, neither oxygen nor hydrogen could be brought into liquid form. Yet the two combined in the proper proportions make a natural liquid—water.

☞ Brigham Young is pining under the first rejection of his heart and hand that has occurred in all his long experience.

OVER $4,000,000 00

Were paid for taxes to the U. S. Government during four years by the House of Lorillard. This amount is not exceeded by any Tobacco House in the world.

Their Century Chewing Tobacco is now made of choice, sweet, Redried, and sun-cured leaf of the best attainable varieties.

LORILLARD'S Yacht Club Smoking is made of Oronoko, or Hyco Leaf, of N. C., and Va., esteemed among judges as the finest tobacco for the purpose ever found, and prepared by an original and patented process, whereby the bitter and acrid properties, as well as the nicotine is extracted, rendering it mild and harmless to nervous constitutions; it has a delightful aroma, leaves no disagreeable taste, and will not burn the tongue if a good pipe is used.

The Eureka Smoking is also a favorite Brand, being made of choice Virginia, and always burns free and smooth; has an agreeable flavor, but is of heavier body than the Yacht Club, and cheaper in price; by mixing these two together an article of any desired strength may be obtained.

As an evidence of the popularity of *LORILLARD'S* Smoking, would say over **10,000,000** packages were sold during 1869, and still the demand increases. my21-4t

DR. WM. EARL'S VEGETO ANALYTIC REMEDIES are daily, and have during the last 20 years been performing the most wonderful and astonishing cures in all parts of the United States and Canadas. Thousands who previous to their use were lingering on the brink of the grave are now blessed with sound health. There are few diseases which cannot be cured by the Vegeto Analytic Remedies. They contain no minerals or poison, but are purely the medicinal product of trees, plants, and shrubs, &c. All who suffer from diseases of the heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, stomach, blood, bones, joints, womb, bladder, rectum, bowels, cancer, fits, nervous and spinal diseases can be promptly relieved and speedily cured.

DR. WM. EARL'S MEDICAL TREATISE of 240 pages mailed on receipt of 25 cents. Address all letters to 96 Laight St., New York. my21-4t

The Best Book for the Guitar yet Published.

HAYDEN'S

New and Improved Method for the Guitar.

A work which will greatly facilitate the study and give a thorough knowledge of this delicate-toned instrument. In addition to progressive studies, it contains a large collection of instrumental pieces and popular songs of the day. By W. L. Hayden. Price $4. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price.
DITSON & CO., Boston and New York.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, 1677-4t Box 996, Boston, Mass.

"LIQUORS" Without Distillation. Send 10 cents to BIRD, Port Deposit, Maryland. mar12-3m

TO PHYSICIANS.

NEW YORK, August 15, 1869.

Allow me to call your attention to my PREPARATION OF COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU. The component parts are BUCHU, LONG LEAF, CUBEBS, JUNIPER BERRIES.

MODE OF PREPARATION.—Buchu, in vacuo—Juniper Berries, by distillation, to form a fine gin. Cubebs extracted by displacement with spirits obtained from Juniper Berries; very little sugar is used, and a small proportion of spirit. It is more palatable than any now in use.

Buchu, as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this (its active principle), leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Mine is the color of ingredients. The Buchu is my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added, to prevent fermentation; upon inspection it will be found to be a Tincture, as made in Pharmacopœia, nor is it a syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exist. In this, you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

Hoping that you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation,

With a feeling of confidence,
I am, very respectfully,
H. T. HELMBOLD,
Chemist and Druggist of 16 Years' Experience.

[From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World.]

NOVEMBER 4, 1854.

"I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold; he occupied the Drug Store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise."

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,
Firm of Powers & Weightman, Manufacturing Chemists, Ninth and Brown Streets, Philadelphia.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, for weakness arising from indiscretion. The exhausted powers of Nature which are accompanied by so many alarming symptoms, among which will be found, Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Memory, Wakefulness, Horror of Disease, or Forebodings of Evil; in fact, Universal Lassitude, Prostration, and Inability to enter into the enjoyments of society.

The constitution, once affected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of Medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity ensues.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT of BUCHU, in affections peculiar to Females, is unequalled by any other preparation, as in Chlorosis, or Retention, Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Schirrus State of the Uterus, and all complaints incident to the sex, or the decline or change of life.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU and IMPROVED ROSE WASH will radically exterminate from the system diseases arising from habits of dissipation, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience or exposure; completely superseding those unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Copaiva and Mercury, in all these diseases.

Use HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU in all diseases of these organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing. It is pleasant in taste and odor, "immediate" in action, and more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron.

Those suffering from broken-down or delicate constitutions, procure the remedy at once.

The reader must be aware that, however slight may be the attack of the above diseases, it is certain to affect the bodily health and mental powers.

All the above diseases require the aid of a Diuretic. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is the great Diuretic.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. PRICE.—$1.25 per bottle, or six bottles for $6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

Address

H. T. HELMBOLD,

DRUG AND CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE,

No. 594 Broadway, New York.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP IN STEEL-ENGRAVED WRAPPER, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed

feb12-ecowly H. T. HELMBOLD.

APRIL, 1870.

OPENING.
OF THE
SPRING TRADE
IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
THIS MONTH,
Open to the people the
GRANDEST STOCK
OF
Fine Clothing for Men and Boys
THAT
Oak Hall Has Ever Contained.

Since last Fall we have secured the two large lots adjoining us, and have erected upon them an iron-front building, equal in size to our former building, making

Oak Hall Twice as Large as Before,

In order to accommodate the
GREAT MASS OF PEOPLE
Who have become our customers.

☞ We invite all our customers, with their neighbors and friends, to pay us an early visit, to examine our
MAMMOTH BUILDINGS,
AND TO INSPECT OUR
MAMMOTH STOCK.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL
CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,
Nos. 530, 532, 534, 536 Market Street, and Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, and 13 South Sixth St.,
PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Send your Orders if you can't come. ap9-tf

The celebrated IMITATION GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, "Collins Metal" (Improved Oroide.) These justly celebrated Watches have been so thoroughly tested during the last four years, and their reputation for time and as imitations of Gold Watches is so well established as to require no recommendations. Prices:—Full-Jeweled Patent Levers, $15, equal in appearance and for time to gold ones costing $150. Those of extra fine finish, $20, equal to $200 gold ones. We are also making an extra heavy and extra fine watch, full-jeweled patent lever, equaling in appearance a $300 gold watch. For these magnificent watches we charge only $25. All our watches fully guaranteed by special certificate. All our watches are in hunting cases, gents' and ladies' sizes. Chains, Collins Metal, $2 to $8. Also, all kinds of Jewelry, equal to gold, at one-tenth the price.

The Collins Metal is the best imitation of gold we have seen.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The goods of C. E. Collins & Co. have invariably given satisfaction.—*N. Y. Times.*

One of the $20 Watches is worn in our office, and we have no hesitation in recommending them.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

TO CLUBS.—Where Six watches are ordered at one time, we send a Seventh watch free. Goods sent by express to all parts of the United States, to be paid for on delivery.

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
ap2-3m No. 335 Broadway, New York.

MORO PHILLIPS'
GENUINE IMPROVED
Super Phosphate of Lime,

Standard guaranteed. Reduced in price, and improved in quality by the addition of potash.

Price $52.00 per ton, 2000 lbs. Discount to dealers.

Also PURE PHUINE, superior to Peruvian Guano. Patented April 29, 1860. Price, $52.00 per ton, 2000 pounds. Discount to dealers. For sale at Manufacturer's Depots, 110 South Delaware Avenue, 5 doors below Chestnut, Philadelphia, Pa., and 95 South Street, Baltimore, Md., and by dealers in general throughout the country.

MORO PHILLIPS,
mar26-3m Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer.

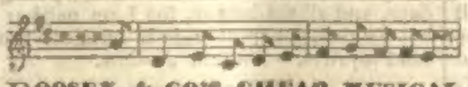
20,589 ADVERTISEMENTS (Gun's Index to) for next of kin, Chancery Heirs, Legatees, and cases of unclaimed money since 1000. Price 50 cents. JOHN HOOPER & CO., 41 Park Row, New York. ap16-13t

Husband's Calcined Magnesia

Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

The World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,

THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Philadelphia.
feb26-3m



BOOSEY & CO'S CHEAP MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS. Something to suit everybody musically inclined. Some of these works have reached the enormous sale of 100,000 copies. For sale at all book and music stores in the United States and Canadas. A new catalogue free.

BOOSEY & CO., 4 Bond St.
Removed from No. 644 Broadway, N. Y.
Sole Agents for Distin's Brass Musical Instruments.
mar19-tf

COLOR IN DRESS.
A MANUAL FOR LADIES.

All who would dress in the best taste, and choose colors suited to their complexions, should possess this book. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents. GEO. MACLEAN, Publisher,
ap30-4t 719 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

LANDRETHS'
Implement and Seed Warehouse,
Nos. 21 and 23 SOUTH SIXTH Street.
WARRANTED GARDEN SEEDS,
FLOWER SEEDS IN GREAT VARIETY,
FIELD and GRASS SEEDS,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
HORTICULTURAL TOOLS,
of the best American and English manufacture.
Books on Agricultural, Botanical and Rural Affairs,
TERRA COTTA VASES AND GARDEN STATUARY,
Rustic Chairs, Settees, Flower Stands, &c.
For sale, wholesale and retail, at reasonable prices, by DAVID LANDRETH & SON,
my14-6 21 and 23 South Sixth St.

RUPTURE
RADICALLY CURED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, ARTISTIC SURGEON, respectfully offers his services in the application of his Rupture Curative Appliances, at his office, **697 BROADWAY, cor. 4th St.**, New York.

The great experience of Dr. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the treatment and cure of this disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient or duration of the infirmity, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief. Dr. S. as principal of the Rupture Curative Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care the worst cases in the country, all of which were effectually relieved, and many, to their great joy, restored to a sound body.

None of the pains and injuries, resulting from the use of other Trusses, are found in Dr. Sherman's Appliances; and, with a full knowledge of the assertion, he promises greater security and comfort, with a daily improvement in the disease, than can be obtained of any other person, or in the inventions of any other person in the United States.

Prices to suit all classes. It is the only, as well as the cheapest remedy ever offered the afflicted. Photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after treatment and cure mailed on receipt of TEN cents. jc10-1y

ONE MILLION ACRES OF CHOICE IOWA LANDS

For sale, at $3 per acre and upwards for cash, or on credit by the **Iowa Railroad Land Co.** Railroads already built through the lands, and on all sides of them. Great inducements to settlers. Send for our free pamphlet. It gives prices, terms, location; tells who should come West, what they should bring, what it will cost; gives plans and elevations of 18 different styles of ready-made houses, which the Company furnish at from $250 to $4,000 ready to set up. Maps sent if desired. Address

W. W WALKER,
ap29-4t **Vice President, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**

AGENTS WANTED FOR
THE PHYSICAL LIFE OF WOMAN.
THIRTIETH THOUSAND NOW READY.
BY GEO. H. NAPHEYS, M. D.

The most remarkable success of the day. Is selling with unprecedented rapidity. It contains what every man and woman ought to know, and few do. It will save much suffering. As the only reputable work upon the single and married life, it is earnestly recommended by Prof. Wm. A. Hammond, Prest. Mark Hopkins, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Bushnell, Mrs. E. B. Gleason, M. D., Prof. H. N. Eastman, etc. Being eagerly sought for, the agent's work is easy. Send stamp for pamphlet, etc., to

GEO. MACLEAN, Publisher,
719 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.,
3 School St., Boston, Mass.,
ap30-4t 55 Nassau St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
"WONDERS OF THE WORLD."

OVER ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS. The largest, best selling, and most attractive subscription book ever published. Send for circulars, with terms, at once. Address U. S. PUBLISHING CO., 411 Broome St., New York, 129 South Clark St., Chicago, Ills., and 177 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio. ap2-3m

AGENTS.—ORoide GOLD.—AGENTS. $10 a day made easy. OROIDE GOLD PAT. FOUNTAIN PEN. Is indestructible. Writes 4 pages with one dip. *Sells at sight*—looks like 18-karat gold. Sample box, 12 pens, for 25 cents, post-paid; also other novelties. CITY NOVELTY CO., 404 Library St., Philadelphia, Pa. mar19-3m

WENTWORTH'S PATENT
KEY RING & CHECK COMBINED
Sample 25 cents. STAFFORD MANUFACTURING CO., 66 Fulton St., New York, Wholesale Agents. Stencil and Key Check Outfit. Circulars free. feb26-3m

$60 A WEEK paid agents in a new business. Address Saco Novelty Co., Saco, Me. ap16 13t

AGENTS, SOMETHING NEW—Fountain Pens, will write a letter with one dip of ink, sample box, 25 cents; Eraser, Pencil Sharpener and Pen Holder combined, sample 30 cents; Oroide Gold Diamond-Pointed Pens, warranted for one year, sample 50 cents; all varieties of steel and other Pens; Oroide Gold Pen, warranted non-corrosive, to agents 25 cents per gross, retail at $3, sample gross by mail 60 cents. Circulars free. Morse Fountain Pen Company, No., 413 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. ap23-3m

OUR PET SEWING MACHINE

Will do as good work as any $35 machine. Call and see it, or send stamp for circular. **Price $5.** Agents wanted. Terms liberal.
PET SEWING MACHINE CO.,
ap23-3m 7 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

NEW BOOK.—Agents sell 100 per week. Price $3. Address L. STEBBINS, Hartford, Ct. ap30-4t

BIG PROFITS to Agents on a new Illustrated Book. Send stamp for circulars. J. B. BURR & CO., Hartford, Conn. ap30-4t

LIFE IN UTAH
OR THE
MYSTERIES OF MORMONISM

By J. H. BEADLE, Editor of the Salt Lake Reporter,

BEING an EXPOSE of THEIR SECRET RITES, CEREMONIES and CRIMES.

With a full and authentic history of *Polygamy* and the Mormon Sect, from its origin to the present time.

CAUTION Old and unreliable works on the Mormons are being circulated. See that each book contains 34 fine engravings, and 540 pages.

AGENTS WANTED. Send for Circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. my14-3t

A GREAT CHANCE for AGENTS. $75 to $100 per month. We want to employ a good agent in every county in the U. S. on commission or salary to introduce our *world-renowned Patent White Wire Clothes Lines.* Will last a hundred years. If you want profitable and pleasant employment, address *Hudson River Wire Co.*, 75 William St., New York, or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago. my14-4t

LADIES' GEM.

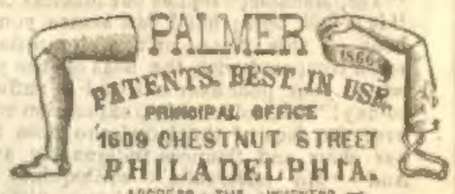
A combination of Scissor Sharpener, Ripper and Button Hole Cutter, and also convenient as a Pencil Sharpener and Nail Cleaner. Suitable for the Work Basket, Porte-monnie, or Vest Pocket. Price 25 cts., sent by return mail. Package of half dozen for $1.
JOHN B. ALDEN & CO.,
ap30-6m Chicago, Ills.

SPARKLING BEAUTIES are ladies' and gents' "*Lava Diamond Pins.*" Samples sent by mail for 50c. Address B. FOX & CO., Station A, New York. oct30-1y

YOUR DESTINY! WHAT IS IT?

An experienced clairvoyant will, on receipt of 50 cents and stamp envelope, send a written destiny, News of absent friends, marriage, likeness, fortune, &c., given while in a state of trance. None have written who were not surprised at the truthful predictions. Address, with lock of hair, Miss KATE MARKOE, Station D., New York. dec11-6m

CUPID NOTE PAPER.—Something new for correspondence of young persons. Appropriate poetry in gold on each sheet. Prepaid, 50c. per quire. L. A. PITTMAN, 8 W. Third St., Cincinnati, O. my14-4t



ADDRESS THE INVENTOR.—
DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, Pres't A.A.Lim Co

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

200 ACRES IN SEEDS.

Full assortment of the choicest varieties of

Garden, Field and Flower Seeds.

Our own growth. Send for New Descriptive Catalogue gratis. Seeds sent by mail.

COLLINS, ALDERSON & CO.,
1111 and 1113 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Seed farms near Haddonfield, N. J. feb26-3m

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM Cider, Wine, Molasses, or Sorghum in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn. aug21-1y

THE RAGE OF THE DAY.—The Magic Tube just from Paris is without a rival in creating for all intense amusements at weddings, parties, and family circles. Its wonderful operations are viewed with astonishment and mirth, while possessing the power of the microscope, and music to astonish and entertain. It is cheap and durable. Sent *free* in a neat compact case complete for 50 cents; 3 for $1.25. BROWN BRO'S., 34 Liberty St., New York city. ap30-4t

LOBSTEIN'S
QUINTESSENCE OF
JAMAICA GINGER.

This preparation contains the active medicinal properties of pure white Jamaica Ginger, and is the most desirable of any ever offered to the public. An admirable remedy for indigestion, colic, dyspepsia, etc. Unsurpassed as a family medicine. To the aged and convalescents it is an excellent tonic and stimulant. To the traveller it is invaluable, preventing the deleterious effects so often produced by change of water. The inebriate who wishes to reform will find in this a most valuable aid. Prepared by J. F. D. LOBSTEIN, Pharmaceutist, Sag Harbor, New York. Sold by Druggists generally throughout the United States.

Wholesale Agent, JOHN F. HENRY,
ap30-3m No. 6 College Place, New York.

Waltham Watches,
IN 2-OZ. CASES,
For Merchants, Clerks, and Professional Men.

Waltham Watches,
IN 3-OZ. CASES,
For Farmers, Carpenters, and other Mechanics.

Waltham Watches,
IN 4-OZ. CASES,
For Mariners, Soldiers, and Expressmen.

Waltham Watches,
IN 5-OZ. CASES,
For Conductors, Engineers, and Baggagemen.

Waltham Watches.
IN 6-OZ. CASES,
For Miners, Lumbermen, and Stage Drivers.

Waltham Watches,
IN 8-OZ. CASES,
For all who wish something VERY substantial.

All the above are described in our price list. Write for it as follows:

Messrs. HOWARD & CO., No. 785 Broadway, N. Y.: Please send me your illustrated price list of WALTHAM WATCHES, as per advertisement in THE EVANGELIST.

SIGN NAME AND ADDRESS IN FULL.

And you will receive it, post-paid, by return mail. It gives all the information you desire, and explains our plan of sending Watches by Express without any risk to the purchaser.

HOWARD & CO.,
785 Broadway, New York,
my7-3t (Formerly of No. 619 Broadway).

Invalids' Travelling Chairs,
From $15 to $40,
For In and Out-door Use.

Any one having use of the hands can propel and guide one. Having no use of the hands, any child of five years can push a grown person about. Patent Sedan Carrying Chairs. Invalids' Carriages to order. State your case, and send stamp for circular.

STEPHEN W. SMITH,
mar26-6team 90 William St., New York.

WIT AND HUMOR.

An Awkward Mistake.

We have heard an anecdote which has probably not appeared in print before, and which has been told us as a piece of genuine history. It happened in a large city—never mind what city. There were two pretty sisters who had married, one an eminent lawyer, the other a distinguished literary man. Literary man dies, and leaves younger sister a widow. Some years roll away, and the widow lays aside her weeds. Now, then, it happens that a certain author and critic has occasion, on a broiling day in summer, to call on the eminent lawyer, husband of the elder sister. He finds the lawyer pleading and sweltering in a crowded court, sees that the lawyer is suffering dreadfully from the heat, pities him, rejoices that he himself is not a lawyer, and goes for a cool saunter under the sheltering trees of a fashionable park and garden. Among the ice-eating, fanning crowd there he meets the younger of our two sisters, and for the moment he thinks he is speaking to the elder. "Oh, Mr. ——," answered the lady, "how dreadfully hot it is here!" "Yes, Madame," replies our luckless critic, "it is hot here; but I can assure you the heat of this place isn't a circumstance, when compared with the heat of the place where your poor dear husband is suffering to-day!" A horror-stricken expression comes over the face of the lady! she rises from her chair and flounces indignantly away. And "Me miserable," soliloquizes our wretched critic, "I have been mistaking the one sister for the other, and she thinks I meant to say that her husband is—not in Heaven!"—*The Galaxy.*

A Toilsome Business.

The Rev. E. L——t had an old parishioner and communicant whom he had been visiting during a short illness. At last the medical attendant called and informed Mr. L——t that the old man was dying; whereupon he immediately went to him to administer the sacrament; after which he told the old man's wife that her husband would not live long, and if there was anything she wished to say to him she had better do it while he was able to understand her. She immediately went to his bedside and said:

"John, Mr. L——t says you are going to die. I wish, when you get to heaven, you'd look out for my first husband, and tell him I've been doin' pretty well sin' he left me, an' I often wish I might see him again."

The old man turned his eyes upon his wife with a deprecating expression, and, raising himself a little, he replied:

"Lord help thee, Mary, how doest thee think that, owd and la'am as I be, I can go raunging all over heaven to find thy first husband?"

The Dutchman's Cider.

In the small village of B——, in the state of Pennsylvania, there lived a Dutchman who was famous for making the best cider in the neigborhood, and was equally famous for keeping it; and as yet, no person, but himself and family, had been permitted to taste the good stuff. At last, one of his near neighbors said he was bound to taste it. Accordingly he went to the Dutchman's house, and entered into conversation with him concerning his crops, &c., and by degrees led him to speak of his cider. He then said to him:

"I understand you make very good cider?"

"Yaw," replied the Dutchman; "Hans, my poy, go bring a mug full."

Hans soon returned with a mug brimming full, and handed it to the Dutchman, who drained it to the bottom at one draught; then turning to his astonished visitor, said:

"Dere now, if you dosh not dink dat good cider, *joost you schmell of te mug.*"

Old Cæsar and the Angel.

There used to be a pious old negro in Boston named Cæsar, and he was in the habit of praying so loudly as to be heard by many of the neighbors. On retiring for the night his petition invariably was: "Lord, send dy angel for ole Cæsar—ole Cæsar always ready." One evening two of his neigbors, good men, but sometimes bored by his "style," thought they would try him on. They took position at his door—and when the usual petition was made that "the Lord would send the angel," ole Cæsar being always ready, they knocked loudly at the door.

"Who dar?" said the old darkey.

"The angel of the Lord, come for old Cæsar," was the reply.

Out went the light, a scrambling into bed was heard, and then, in trembling voice, that same old uncle said:

"Go way, dar! go way! *Old Cæsar been dead dis ten years!*"

A Long Prayer.

Jonathan says he couldn't help laughing the ether day at an anecdote of a man accustomed to make long prayers, who had persuaded a guest, greatly against his inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began to think of edging quietly away, and walking off—but in attempting it he walked up to the old man's son, who was asleep in his chair.

"How soon will your father be through?" whispered the guest.

"Has he got to the Jews?" asked the boy in reply, in the same tone.

"No," said the other.

"Well, then he ain't half through," replied the boy, and composed himself again to his nap; whereupon the guest bolted at once.

Posing a Pedagogue.

"Sally Jones, have you done that sum set you?"

"No, thir, I can't do it."

"Can't do it! I'm ashamed of you. Why, at your age I could do any sum that was set me. I hate that word 'can't,' for there is no sum that can't be done, I tell you."

"I think, thir, I know a sum you can't thifer out."

"Ha? Well, Sally, let's hear it and we will see."

"It ith thith, thir: If one apple cauthed the ruin of the whole human rathe, how many thuch will it take to make a barrel of thweet thider?"

"Miss Sally Jones, you may turn to your parsing lesson."

☞ A witticism of the day in Paris recently defined a masked ball as "a merciful institution for plain women."

EASTER DECORATIONS.

PET CURATE.—"What do you wish for now, Miss Brytles?"
MISS B.—"Yew—if you please!"

SONG.

There is an hour when beats our bosom lightly;
When Truth and Joy and Love our steps attend;
When in our sky Hope's radiant dawn glows brightly;
And Heaven's own roses fragrance earthward send.

There is an hour when noontide's sun is shining,
We bravely bear our arms beneath his heat;
Or wander on, bright Fancy's wreath entwining,
Seeking the heart that our deep love may greet.

There is an hour at eve by river musing,
On joys borne from us by life's silent wave,
When we can sigh, ourselves too late accusing,
Or weep remorseful o'er some loved one's grave.

There is an hour when cold night's shades are falling;
Welcome the night, the day has lost its charms;
When Joy and Hope and Love in vain recalling,
We unreluctant sleep in slumber's arms.

Boys, Read This.

A New York paper says: A few years ago, a large drug firm in this city advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said: "Can't take him in, places all full; besides, he is small." "I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful." There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered the remark that he "he didn't see what they wanted of such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after a consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his youthful *protege* scissoring labels. "What are you doing?" said he; "I did not tell you to work nights." "I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something." In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he is *willing*." Only a few weeks passed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and after a struggle was captured. Not only was robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered.

When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, the reply was, "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay." Orders were immediately given once more, "Double that boy's wages; he is *willing* and *faithful*." To-day that boy is getting a salary of $2,500, and next January will become a member of the firm.

A Washington Belle.

Madam Podesdad, wife of one of the Secretaries of the Spanish Legation, is an American. She was a Miss Chapman, of Virginia. Her mother was Miss Mary Randolph, a great belle in Virginia many years ago. This Miss Randolph was especially noted for her fearlessness in riding. On one occasion, it is said, when staying at the Warm Springs, in Virginia, she started out with a riding party for the Warm Spring Mountain, and dared the gentlemen accompanying her to do whatever she did. This mountain is quite high, and has at its summit a rock jutting out over a precipice. To the extreme verge of this rock Miss Randolph rode, to the great consternation of her friends. She did not even leave her horse room to turn around, but, having accomplished her purpose, she backed him from the dangerous position and faced the rest of the party in triumph. Not a man would follow her example, but one youthful piece of inexperience stood on his head in his saddle and dared the lady to do that. Of course she cried "quits."

Heathen Greek and Christian European Fashions.

The Greeks never changed their style of dress. The plain robe and tunic of Phidias resembled the robe and tunic of Demosthenes; the peplum of Helen hung in similar folds to that of the peplum of Aspasia. The Greeks never grew tired of the simple folds and the statuesque curves of the simple dress their first sculptors had immortalized. What would they have said to the "Grecian bend," that last distortion of folly and affectation? The purest ideal of the way a woman should walk is the manner in which a milk-girl carries her pail—erect, buoyant, elastic, the bosom thrown forward, the head up. Put such a child of nature, Irish or Welsh, beside a young lady walking in the absurd way now fashionable. It matters little whether the modern belle tries to walk so, or whether high-heeled shoes produce in her that Chinese helplessness. One would think she was trying to play a sort of female pantaloon, as she minces forward with pretty helplessness, some form of spinal disease being induced by every step. Farewell to what French cynics call "the grenadier stride" of Englishwomen. Women totter forward now, they do not walk. The French shuffle and the Spanish glide are divine compared with such a style of walking as the Grecian bend produces. The "bend" is ungraceful, unnatural, and unhealthy. But it is useless to remonstrate or revile. What did Punch do against crinolines? No folly in dress was ever laughed down. What did Hogarth do against the absurdities of his day? Nothing. It is supposed that women's fickleness in dress arises from a desire to please man. If it does, how is it that a folly in dress never alters one hour the sooner for all man's ridicule or dislike?

Failings and Comforts of Eighty.

I have got very deaf. What a blessing! There is such a lot of silly talk I cannot hear—such scandals, etc.

My eyes are failing. How fortunate. I do not see a tithe of the folly and wickedness that is going on around me! I am blind to faults that would provoke me to censure.

I have lost my teeth, and my voice is not very audible. Well, I find it is no use babbling to folks who won't listen—so I save my breath for better purposes. I don't show my teeth where I can't bite. I venture on no tough meat.

My taste is not so discriminating as of yore, and the good is that I am the more easily satisfied, don't keep finding fault, am contented and thankful. A nice palate is a plague I have got rid of.

My joints are rather stiff. Well, if they were ever so supple, I do not want to go to see sights, hear concerts, make speeches, nor carouse at feasts.

I am not so strong as I was; but for what do I need to be stout? I am not going to wrestle or fight with anybody. My morals are generally improved.

My brain is not so clear as in my younger days, and all the better, for I am neither so hot-headed, nor opinionated. I forget a thousand injuries.—*William Jardan.*

A YOUNG man who had spent a little of his own time and a good deal of his father's money in fitting himself for the bar, was asked after his examination how he got on. "Oh, well," said he, "I answered one question right." "Ah, indeed!" said the old gentleman, with a look of satisfaction at his son's peculiar smartness. "And what was that?" "They asked me what a *qui tam* action was." "That was a hard one! and you answered it correctly, did you?" "Yes; I told them I did not know."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Best Place for a Horse.

"Gossipper," in the Rural World, says:—"Winter or summer, except in a stormy time, there is no place so comfortable for colts or tired work horses, as a good pasture lot. To tie up a tired horse at night in a narrow cell, with a plank floor to stand on, is a species of cruelty that civilization ought to be ashamed of. If the poor animal must be confined like a convict in a dungeon, for pity's sake let him have his head, and give him at least twelve feet square, with a soft dry floor to stand or lie on.

"In the large cities land is worth more in money than horses; but on the farm there is no excuse for any such wicked economy. Ask the horse what he wants, and he will tell you that a place where he can walk around, lie down and stretch his tired limbs and roll over from one side to the other, gives him more ease and comfort, after a day of hard work, than the most costly plank stalls, with all the accompaniments of curry-combs, stiff bristle brushes, rubber cloths and dexterous hostlers that can be produced."

The Currant Worm.

The miller that deposits the egg is about the size of the common bee miller, with broader wings, and of a dark brown color. They deposit their eggs about the 10th to the 15th of June, on the under side of the leaves, generally on the new suckers, and close to the ground. The eggs are white, and glued to the stem and branch stems of the leaf, in a row, the ends nearly touching—there being sometimes one hundred on a single leaf. They hatch in three or four days, the young worm crawling from the stem to the thin part of the leaf, where it at once begins its work of devastation, being invariably blessed with a ravenous appetite. The first indications of their presence will be seen in the leaf in which they were hatched, being pierced with holes about the size of a pin head, each worm making a separate hole. They continue to gnaw round and round until the several holes meet, and the leaf is entirely consumed, when they all emigrate in a body to the leaf above, which soon disappears, and so on, leaving nothing but the withered stems behind them. After following up to the top of the sprout they started on, they then separate, and go off on to different branches of the bush. They live about twenty-five or thirty days on the bush, when they fall to the ground, change to the chrysalis form, work themselves into the ground, and there remain until about the first of next June, when they re-appear in the form of a perfect miller, to repeat the operation of the year before.

My method of fighting these plagues is as follows: Keep close watch of the bushes after they are fully leaved out, examining very closely the lower leaves on the new shoots, and as soon as you see one that is perforated with small holes, pick it and drop it into an old pail, and so go over all the bushes carefully every other day, as long as the worms continue to hatch, which will be about two or three weeks, and burning the leaves plucked. Be sure and pick, each time going over the bush, every leaf gnawed by the worms. I have about seventy-five as fine bushes as you often see, while most of the currant bushes in this vicinity are entirely destroyed. I have had to be vigilant and persevering, but I have conquered so far, which is some satisfaction, and have all the nice currants I want to use.—*M. Wardner, in Plattsburg Republican.*

Storm Signals During Harvest.

Mr. A. Watson, of Washington, D. C., has put before the public a circular, calling attention to his plan for signaling throughout the country the approach of storms during the summer months. It is in brief to send in advance by telegraph, notice of an approaching storm, indicating the kind of storm and the probable distance it may travel. At each city, county seat and principal town a cannon is to be kept ready to be discharged by the proper persons, at intervals which shall designate the approach of an ordinary rain storm, approaching rapidly or slowly, a thunder shower, hail shower, gale or tornado. In view of the distance in every direction, in which a cannon may be heard, Mr. Watson is sanguine that "by firing one at each county seat and principal town, the farmers over the whole country, in harvest time, will be warned to stop cutting, and to get their hay or grain under cover, or in a situation to shut out the rain, thus saving not only that portion which had been cut and cured previous to the warning, but also saving that portion which otherwise would have been cut during several hours or a whole day without such warning." We have little doubt, that with our knowledge of the laws of storms, and by the aid of the telegraphic lines which connects our entire country, some such plan as that suggested by Mr. Watson will eventually be put in use to warn farmers of the changes in the weather which during the summer months often cause such immense damage to crops that are being harvested.—*Maine Farmer.*

A Plea for Bones.

A wonderful magnetism has been observed to exist between the roots of a tree and a bone deposited in the ground within its reach. For a stone or anything not necessary for its sustenance this is not the case. The greed and alacrity with which a fruit tree sends out its roots and binds all the bones within its reach with many little clinging cords of affection, affords positive proof that a supply of their most vital nourishment is drawn from them. When setting young trees for an orchard, a quantity of bones scattered around the roots will enhance the value of the tree for all time. Though nature's laboratory grinds slow yet it grinds fine, and bones placed in the soil near fruit trees yield a continual feast to the tree. A smart business in "Agricultural Mining" might be done in and around some outbuildings and the sly places where huge heaps of old shoes, steel springs from ladies skirts, broken dishes, and bone deposits have been accumulating for years. Bones of animals lie bleaching in many places, which, if gathered up, might be turned to a good account. An excellent super-phosphate may be made by taking a hogshead, putting in a layer of bones, then covering with ashes wet down, then another layer of bones and ashes, and so on until filled. Keep wet, and wait until the bones are reduced or rendered so soft as to be easily pulverized. I know a few farmers who practise this method, and reap a rich reward for their pains.—V. D., in *Maine Farmer.*

Advice to Young Bee-keepers.

Beginners in bee-keeping should not, when going into the business, build costly bee-houses, provide high-priced untested patent hives, purchase a large number of colonies, or buy "three-banded" Italian queens at a time when as yet they can hardly tell a drone from a worker. Begin moderately and hasten slowly. The needful experience in practical bee-culture is much more easily and far more efficiently acquired, by careful attention to a few choice stocks, than by a hurried supervision of a large number, even with the aid of manuals and text books. Plain, simple movable frame hives too, will be found better suited for the requisite manipulations, than fanciful and complicated contrivances devised by persons really ignorant themselves of the habits and wants of bees. And colonies placed in an open situation, with their hives readily accessible from all sides and somewhat sheltered or shaded by trees or vines, will be much more conveniently managed than when placed in ordinary sheds or out-door bee-houses. Study first to know what is required for success, and then extend your operations when you are sure that you can have the business "well in hand."—*Am. Bee Journal.*

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 91 letters.
My 8, 50, 81, 71, 30, 88, 9, is a book in the Bible.
My 42, 12, 2, 69, 4, 82, 22, 57, is a book in the Bible.
My 67, 53, 49, 25, 39, 85, is a mountainous country in Europe.
My 32, 43, 90, 15, 41, 10, 83, 44, 18, 5, 78, 28, is a large island in the gulf of St. Lawrence.
My 21, 3, 45, 60, 16, 59, 84, is an African animal.
My 40, 87, 13, 75, is a musical instrument.
My 74, 65, 29, 91, 7, 38, 19, 51, was a celebrated king of Sparta.
My 17, 67, 1, 47, 61, 11, 23, according to a Jewish Rabbi, were "created by God on the first Sabbath."
My 24, 76, 35, 52, 62, 89, is a practise among heathen nations.
My 63, 64, 36, 48, 27, was a philosopher, styled the "Athenian Bee."
My 8, 20, 88, 10, 46, 73, is Scotch for liquor.
My 26, 58, 77, 80, 28, 54, 33, 72, 70, was a noted historian, a native of Halicarnassus.
My 14, 68, 66, 53, 12, 49, is a shell-fish.
My 79, 5, 34, 31, 86, is a noted poet.
My whole is a quotation from a poem, entitled "A Hindoo Fable," by John G. Saxe.
Plainville, Ohio. DOT AND DASH.

Decapitation.

It is very wicked to do my whole.
Behead me and I am indispensable to animal life.
Behead me again and I am what all living creatures do.
Behead me again and I am a preposition.
Behead me again and I am a beverage.
PHILIP.

Allegation Problem.

A grocer wishes to know in how many different ways he may mix sugar worth 4 cents per lb. with other grades worth respectively 6 cents, 9 cents and 11 cents per lb., so as to have 240 lbs. in all, worth 8 cents per lb., and using only *whole numbers* of pounds in forming the mixture.
A. RITTENHOUSE.
Reidsburg, Clarion Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

A O B is a quadrant of a circle whose radius is 10 feet. Any radius O P is drawn, and also the ordinate P M. Another radius O Q is drawn bisecting the angle B O P.
Required—the area of the curve which is the locus of the intersections of O Q and P M.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What cord is it in which you can find knots that no man living ever tied, and no man living can untie? Ans.—Why, a cord of wood.

☞ Why was Robinson Crusoe's man Friday like a rooster? Ans.—Because he scratched for himself and *crew-so.*

☞ How did the bull look on emerging from the china shop? Ans.—A little the worse for ware.

☞ Why is a carpenter like a barber? Ans.—Because he can't get along without *shavings.*

☞ Why are naval and military officers the most unlucky of men? Ans.—Because they are always in some mess or other.

☞ When is a young lady like a part of a word? Ans.—When she is a silly-belle.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—
"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."
ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—"Love one another."

RECEIPTS.

CALF'S FEET FRICASSEE.—Boil the feet till very tender, cut them in two, and pull out the large bones; have half a pint of good white gravy, add to it a spoonful of white wine, one of lemon pickle, and some salt, with a teaspoonful of curry powder; stew the feet in it fifteen minutes, and thicken it with the yelks of two eggs, a gill of milk, a large spoonful of butter, and two of white flour, let the thickening be very smooth, shake the stew-pan over the fire a few minutes, but do not let it boil, lest the eggs and milk should curdle.

TO FRY CALF'S FEET.—Prepare them as for the fricassee, dredge them well with flour, and fry them a light brown; pour parsley and butter over them, and garnish with fried parsley.

GREEN GOOSEBERRY PUDDING.—Line a tart-dish with light puff-paste; boil for a quarter of an hour one quart of gooseberries with eight ounces of sugar and a teacupful of water. Beat the fruit up with three ounces of fresh butter, the yelks of three well-beaten eggs, and the grated crumb of a stale roll. These should be added when the fruit is cool. Pour the mixture into the dish, and bake the pudding from half to three-quarters of an hour.

TO CLEANSE BLANKETS.—Put two large tablespoonfuls of borax and a pint bowl of soft soap into a tub of cold water. When dissolved, put in a pair of blankets and let them remain over night. Next day rub them out, and rinse thoroughly in two waters, and hang them up to dry. Do not wring them.

DYEING WITH ANALINE.—One drachm of this lately-discovered substance, costing ten or fifteen cents, will color as much as a pound of madder; but not the same shade of red; the color varying from the deepest crimson to a very brilliant and beautiful rose pink, according to the strength of the dye. All that is necessary is to enclose the analine in a small muslin bag, and having your kettle (tin or brass) filled with moderately hot water, rub the substance out, as we used to indigo in coloring blue. Then immerse the articles to be colored, and in a short time they are done. The dye is so readily absorbed that care is required to prevent spotting. No mordant is required, although it improves the color to wring the goods out of strong soap-suds before putting them in the dye. This is a permanent color for woollen or silk.—S.